

THE  
Country Wit.



A  
COMEDY,

ACTED at the  
Dukes Theatre.

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Written by Mr. CROWN.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for Thomas Chapman, at the Golden-Key near  
Charing-Cross. 1693.

# PROLOGUE.



*Welch found*

**O** H, Sirs, this is a monstrous witty Age,  
Wit grown a drugg, has quite undone the Stage.  
The mighty Wits now come to a new Play,  
Only to taste the scraps they flung away.

Poets now Treat you at your own expence,  
All but the Poets now, abound in Sence;  
City and Country is with Wit o'rflovn,  
Weeds grow not faster there, than Wits in Town:  
New Wits and Poets every day are bred,  
Each hour, some budding Criticque shews his Head.  
Plays are so common, they are little priz'd,  
And to be but a Poet, is despis'd.  
The saucy Tongue, much boldness wou'd display,  
That durst in sight of all this plenty, say,  
Poets and Criticques too, are very rare,  
Yes, Sirs, we to our sorrow find they are;  
More to the making of a Wit there goes,  
Than niggard Nature commonly bestows.  
A Writer at the least, 'tis not a Grain,  
Only to season, and preserve the Brain;  
From fav'ring of the Fool, nor at the best,  
To spice Discourse with an insipid Jest.  
Writing, like Roman Gloves, should scent a room,  
Each thought shou'd have in it, a strong perfume.  
But oh, few smell of Wit, so very rank,  
Nature of late is turn'd a Mountebank,  
A Winter, or a Daffy, and puts off  
For Wit and Sence, some foolish Chymick Stuffle.  
A Quintessence; but not of Wit, Heaven knows,  
Which she to all most liberally throws.  
Noise in the Cit, and noise upon the Stage,  
Who wou'd not think it were a witty Age?  
Never more noise and talk of Wit was known,  
The triflingst wretch, himself a Fudge will own,  
And on his Bench of Judgement, frowning sit,  
And Dubb the Poet which he likes, a Wit.  
Ob, wou'd these quacking tricks, but Nature leave,  
And not the poor unhappy World deceive  
With Heat which seems like Wit, but is not so,  
Then real Wit, into esteem wou'd grow;  
Men wou'd not foolishly then take in hand,  
To Fudge, or Write, but first wou'd understand;  
Then be, who has but little Wit, wou'd know it,  
And not presume to be a Fudge, or Poet.



To the Right Honourable  
**C H A R L E S,**  
Earl of *MIDDLESEX*, one of the  
Gentlemen of His Majesties Bed-Chamber.

My LORD,

**I***T is a bold Expedition which a Writer undertakes, when he sends his Forces abroad into the World; he is to encounter Enemies of all kinds; not only vast populous Provinces of effeminate understanding, who often defeat with their numbers; but Bold, Barbarous, Hardy, and invincible Fools, who will dye upon the Turffe, rather than yield: nay, and his friends too often break their League, and send secret supplies to his Enemies. All Reputations look on themselves as invaded, and every one pretends to Reputation. Fame is a great Common, where every Cottager thinks he has a right, and will rather suffer it all to lye waste, than any part to be inclosed. Every man thinks himself by Birth, a Wit, as every Spaniard thinks himself a Gentleman; he has as good Blood in his veins, as Persons of the greatest Dignities, only wants their Titles; that is to say, every man wou'd be a Wit, if he had it. Yet as much value as they have for it in themselves, they hate no man more, than he who abounds in that, for which they wou'd have themselves esteemed. But the enmity of poor vulgar Heads were nothing, if men of the first rank of Wit, had not Feuds among themselves; 'Tis a strange Lunacy that possesses 'em: a man that has the largest Habitation in Fame, will yet think all his Windows darkened, if another soars over him. Men have not the same Phrensies in other things. The greatest lover of Musick in the World, does not think he shares one Note less of it, for a croud of Listners; what ever Quarrels there have been among Trading Nations, about ingrossing Commerce, none ever fought to ingross the Winds, because no Ship had the less for another having his Sails full: and yet Wit-Adventurers perpetually contend for the breath of the multitude, and think themselves becalm'd, if any one has a gale. In short, a Writer is look'd upon as an Invader of the World; and all Mankind are in Arms against him. In such a desperate condition, he must implore of some potent Person, either his Conduct, or at least leave to awe the World with his Name; and I know no greater Name, nor more able to afford me protection than your Lordships. It is but pretending your Lordship favors this Play, and that shall give it safe Conduct through understandings of every Degree and Climate; it can pass through no Region where your Lordship has not an absolute Command. The Traders to the hot Southern Climes of Wit, find in your Lordship the Golden Coast, vast heaps of that Wit, which passes currant in the World, and bears*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*the Images of others, are known to be coyned out of your Lordships Oar ; but nothing can be richer, than that of your own Refining. More temperate Heads which ake under the oppreffion of that Heat, delight themfelves in your Lordships Courtefy, Generofity, Integrity, Honour, and all the more familiar Vertues : no part of Mankind, but may find fome particular Excellence or other in your Lordship, to please them. The Vertues of this age, methinks converse with one another, like the Wits of it, in parties and factions ; feldom uniting together ; every Vertue takes a Houfe by it felf, and there debauches with a thoufand Vices. How often do we fee Wit, infeparably affociating with that Rascal, Ill Nature ; and thofe Fopps, Conceits, and Selfifhnefs, and not one Vertue in his company ? as often do we find courage bluftring by it felf, and Wit not daring to come near him. Integrity, Friendfhip, and Honefty, are fo miferably under the hatchets, one knows not where to find thofe poor Creatures ; they never in any age, lived in much height, they are not born to great fortune, and feldom acquire one ; Knavery has the only Dutch Genius, to get an Eftate, but yet they never were fo down as now, they now fcarce at all appear, or if they do, we find Wit not often in their company. And thus I might difcourfe, fhould I go round to all the Moral Vertues ; But they are not all fo unfociable, as never to meet, they can come together when they like the place, and they are fo fond of your Lordships Soul, not one of 'em fails of reforting thither. And as people ufe to drefs themfelves well when they are to appear in great Affemblies ; fo thofe excellent qualities, which we often find flovenly Habited in private Lodgings, by themfelves, do now in fo much good company, fhine in your Lordships Breaft, in their richeft Equipage : That repairing to your Lordships Protection, I march not fo much under the Conduct of one, as of many Great Men, united in one. But far be it from me, to facrifice fuch a Hecatomb to the multitude ; no, rather let me offer this, and all their applaufe to your Lordship ; for after all, that is my real defign. It is true, my Lord, I have not much of it to lay at your Feet. The Play I prefent you, cannot boast of extraordinary Merit ; it is not of the firft kind of Plays, a thing may be good in its kind, and yet an ill thing, becaufe the kind is ill ; thofe who do not like low Comedy, will not be pleafed with this, becaufe a great part of it confifts of Comedy, almoft funk into Farce ; yet, if they will allow it well in its kind, I fhall defire no more favour from 'em ; any may perceive, I never intended to build high, by the poor foundation I laid, and yet, as it happened, the Building flood firmer than I expetted, and withftood the battery of a whole party, who did me the Honour to profefs themfelves my enemies, and made me appear more confiderable than ever I thought my felf, by fhewing, that no lefs than a confederacy was neceffary to ruine my Reputation, had they overturn'd this, they cou'd not have hurt me, fince I had long before parted from it, as a trifle, where I never intended to refofe ; but as it happened, I had the diversion to fee the Play ftand, and them eboak'd with the duft they made about it : if they wou'd have done me the favour to have taken me into their fociety, I wou'd have joy'n'd with them in damning a great part of it ; for I defign'd it for Damnation ; but if they had done fo, I fear we fhou'd not have agreed in what part : for as if we were defign'd for enmity, with all that I loath'd, they feem'd extreemly diverted. All this, I fay, my Lord, only to offer your Lordship my Prefent, as clean as I can make it, which I take the*  
*more*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

more pains about, because I offer it not as a Bribe, but purely a Present. The common declared design of Dedication, like the concealed one of Devotion, is in other terms Bribery; Men do not pray to serve Heaven, but pray that Heaven may serve them; so Dedicators, who trouble great Men, only to gain their Protection, sacrifice not to their Patrons, but sacrifice their Patrons to themselves. I declare, I beg not your Lordships Protection, but Acceptance of this Play, and then let it perish if it will—Victims ought to dye, nor does it come to your Altars without a Crown, and one received from a Royal Hand; a Fortune more Glorious than I could expect. I designed it, (as any one may see by the low Characters) only to serve an Apprentiship to the City, but being honour'd with the King's favour, I thought I ought to treat it with Respect, and I cou'd not do it greater Honour, than to put it in your Lordships service; and so I discharged my self of a double Debt, and paid all under one, the Duty I owed, to what the King favour'd, and the much greater Duty and Honour I owe to a Person, whom Heaven has favour'd with Qualities admir'd by all the World, but by none more than

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Humble,

And Obedient Servant,

JOHN CROWN.

# ACTORS Names.

## MEN.

**S**IR Thomas Rash, Father to *Christina*.  
*Ramble*, a wild young Gentleman of the Town, in love with *Christina*.  
*Merry*,—his Man.  
 Sir *Mannerly Shallow*, a foolish Country Knight.  
*Booby*, a dull Country Clown, Servant to Sir *Mannerly*.  
 Lord *Drybone*, an old debauched Lord, that keeps a *Wench*, and is abused, and jilted by her.  
*Rash*, a Porter.

## WOMEN.

Lady *Faddle*—Aunt to Sir *Mannerly*.  
*Christina*, Daughter to Sir *Thomas Rash*, in love with *Ramble*.  
*Betty Frisque*,—a young jilting *Wench*, kept by Lord *Drybone*.  
*Siss*, her Maid.  
*Goody Rash*, an Herb-Woman, the Porters Wife.  
*Winnifrid Rash*, her Daughter.  
*Isabella*, *Christina*'s Maid.  
 Constable, Watch, Fiddles, Servants, Attendants.

SCENE, *The Pall-Mall*.——in the year, 1675.

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Sir *Mannerly Shallow*, the Country Wit.

**B**ROTHERS, I'm newly come to Town from Cumber-  
 Land, to be one of your ingenious Number.  
 I am afraid I shall disgrace you all,  
 But I'm resolv'd, I will a damning fall;  
 Since you have ten ill Plays for one good Play,  
 I think to damn 'em all, the safest way.  
 But I in all things, Sirs, shall copy you,  
 And save or damn, as you great Judges do.  
 As for the Poet, who is try'd to day,  
 I know him not, and so can little say;  
 If all in his Petition here be true,  
 He did not write this Play (Great Wits) for you.  
 He says, long since, you mighty Judges swore,  
 That you would never ride this Circuit more;  
 That you have ta'en the Malefactor napping,  
 He writ for Wits of London Bridge and Wapping.  
 Who hate to see a Muse in Buskings strut,  
 As much as in gilt Coach, a gawdy Slut.  
 That his defence he's unprepar'd to make,  
 Yet for an Honour does your Presence take,  
 And says, he does it more Renown esteem,  
 To dye by you, than to be sav'd by them.  
 Sirs, for my sake, let all his faults be wav'd,  
 He's not the first damn'd Poet I have sav'd.

THE

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T H E  
Country Wit.

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A C T I.

S C E N E, *Sir Thomas Rash's House.*

*Enter Sir Thomas Rash, Christina, and Isabella.*

*Chris.* **M**arry to morrow, Sir!  
*Sir Tho.* Ay, to morrow, Sir, why not to morrow,  
Sir? What great Affairs have you to do that you cannot marry to morrow, as well as to morrow come twelve-month?

*Ifab.* What a rash giddy old Man is this! he will compel my Lady to marry one she never saw, and to a Marriage he has not thought on above these ten days. *[Aside.]*

*Chris.* If I must marry, Sir, I think marriage is a great Affair; and so great a one, that I ought to consider of it more Weeks and Months than there are Hours betwixt this and to morrow.

*Sir Tho.* O, pray do you throw Considering-Caps aside, they are not for your wear: No Considering-Cap was ever made fit for a Woman's Head yet.

*Ifab.* How! no Considering Cap fit a Woman's——

*Sir Tho.* Why, Huffle, who bid you prate?——

I say the Marrying, Loving, Embracing part is yours; the Considering part is mine: I have Consider'd enough of it. *[Turning to Chris.]*

*Chris.* I doubt not, Sir, but you have prudently consider'd of it: but whether enough or no, perhaps may be a question: For please to remember, Sir, but few days are past since you first thought of it: and almost the same Hour you first thought of it, you resolv'd of it: and tho' I doubt not but you consider'd of it as well as possible for so short a time, yet certainly you did not allow your self time enough for so weighty an Affair.

*Sir Tho.*

Sir Tho. Not time enough! why what had I to consider of that requir'd time? Here's my Daughter *Christina*, and 5000 l. Portion; there's Sir *Mannerly Shallow*, a young Baronet, and 2000 l. a year. In short, I'll have no more Considering, the Affair is concluded, Articles are drawn up betwixt the Lady *Faddle* and me, by the consent of her Nephew, Sir *Mannerly Shallow*, and Sir *Mannerly* will be in Town to-morrow, and to-morrow he shall marry you before he sleeps, nay, before his Boots are off, nay, before he lights off his Horse, he shall marry you a Horse-back but he shall marry you to-morrow.

*Isab.* And he shall bed her a Horse-back too, shall he?

Sir Tho. Why, Huffle, will you be interrupting still?— get you out of Doors.

*Isab.* I ha' done, Sir.

Sir Tho. I say, get you out of Doors.

*Chris.* Prethee, *Isabella*, let him alone.

*Isab.* What Flesh and Blood can endure to see such a Fool's Match?— by a Fool, to a Fool, if Reports be true.

Sir Tho. Your Flesh and Blood, Sauce box,— or I'll set you out of the Room.

*Chris.* Give o'er, *Isabella*, when I forbid you. Well, Sir, but suppose Sir *Mannerly* upon his arrival should not like me.

Sir Tho. Not like you! he shall like you, or I'll try it out at Law with him: I have it under Black and White, and my Black and White shall make him like your Red and White, in spighton's Teeth; No, no, there's no such Clause in our Articles, there's no such Proviso, he's to marry you absolutely, *Bona fide*, and with a Notwithstanding.

*Isab.* Marry her with a *Bona fide*, and a Notwithstanding! What Stuff's this? What's his *Bona fide*?

Sir Tho. What's that to you, Huffle? will you ne're ha' done? If I lay my Cane o'er your *Bona fide*, I'll make you repent your prating.

*Chris.* Have you no Respect, *Isabella*, to my Commands? don't you see that your talking does but enrage him?

*Isab.* Who can endure to have you thus rashly thrown away on a Fool, as all the World says Sir *Mannerly* is?

*Chris.* Let me alone with the Management of my own Affairs. Well, Sir, but supposing Fortune should flatter me with Inclinations to Sir *Mannerly*:

*Isab.* A worthy piece of Flattery!

[Sir Tho. looks angrily.]

I ha' done.

*Chris.* If I should be so unfortunate, not to have the same Inclinations for him; I hope, Sir, you will not compel me to marry one I cannot love, and consequently to be the most miserable of Women.

Sir Tho. One you cannot love, Maid! you shall love him, I'll make you love him: What cannot you love 2000 l. a Year, and a fair Mansion House, and all Conveniences, as fine as any in all *Cumberland*?

*Chris.* No doubt, Sir, but I shall like his Estate, and his House, and his Moveables well enough.

*Isab.* But the main Moveable, the Man, there's the Question!

Sir



Sir Tho. Well, Sauciness; you talk very boldly, pretty Box, of a Baro-  
net of 2000 l. a year, to call him a Moveable:—but I will make her  
love the main Moveable.

Ifab. I, there's the thing:—if she will like the main Moveable; if the  
main Moveable will please her.

Sir Tho. Well, well, it shall please her; I'll make it please her.

Ifab. Pray, Sir, lay aside Passion, and let us reason the Case a little.

Cbris. Isabella, don't you see that you provoke my Father?

Sir Tho. How would you reason? Come then, have at you; let her a-  
lone, I'll give her free leave to plead what she can: since she would rea-  
son, I will reason with her: come.

Ifab. You will own, Sir, that Sir Mannerly Shallow is a Country Gentleman.

Sir Tho. And so I would have him.

Ifab. One that never so much as saw London.

Sir Tho. As I would have him.

Ifab. One that never had any thing but Country breeding.

Sir Tho. As I would have him.

Ifab. One that knows nothing but what belongs to Dogs and Horses;  
that never saw a better Assembly, than what meet at Fairs, Cock-fights, and  
Horse-races.

Sir Tho. Just as I would have him.

Ifab. Well then, is it possible for a Lady (such a one as my Lady) that  
has never breath'd out of the Air of the Town:

Sir Tho. And by consequence never in wholesome Air.

Ifab. Who has always liv'd to the height and gallantry of it;

Sir Tho. to the height of the Foppery of it.

Ifab. And convers'd with the most refin'd Wits of the Times,

Sir Tho. With the most debauch'd Rascals of the Times.

Ifab. Should ever endure a dull Country Clown, and a melancholy Coun-  
try Life?

Sir Tho. Ay, Huffle, better than a lewd, fantastical, debauch'd Town-  
Fop, and a scandalous Town-life.

Ifab. You are scandaliz'd at Debauchery, Sir; I will prove the Coun-  
try Gentlemen are full as debauch'd as the very lewdest Men of the Town:  
Nay their Debaucheries are the more rude, and brutish of the two, and are  
only thought innocent, because they are insipid.

Sir Tho. How! more debauch'd than the Town Rascals! the very Rake-  
hells and Scum of Iniquity! that run up and down from Tavern to Tavern,  
and from Bawdy-House to Bawdy-House, and get so many Poxes and Claps,  
that half their Estates scarce pays for the Cure of them.

Ifab. And is that worse than running from Ale-house to Ale-house, and  
Farm to Farm, and getting so many Bassards, that half their Estates will  
scarce pay for the maintaining of them?

Sir Tho. Men that are always quarrelling, and fighting, and duelling.

Ifab. Men that are always quarrelling, and never fighting nor duelling.

Sir Tho. Men that turn away their Wives, and keep Whores in their Houses.

Ifab. Men that beat their Wives, and keep Whores in their Houses to boot.

Sir Tho. Do Country Gentlemen keep Whores in their Houses?

*Ifab.* Yes, what are their House-keepers, and Nurses, and Servants I'd fain know?—

*Sir Tho.* Are they their Whores? You lie, Huffle, you lie.

*Ifab.* You lie.

*Chris.* Pray, Father.

[*Sir Tho. with his Cane runs after Ifab. to beat her, but is held by Christina.*]

*Ifab.* Sir Thomas—

Oh Sir Thomas, I do but argue; did you not give me free leave to say what I could in Argument?

*Sir Tho.* Is giving the lie an Argument? Huffle, you sawcy—

*Ifab.* I ha' done, I ha' done, Sir: I'll dispute no more.

*Sir Tho.* You had not best, Huffle.—And for you, Madam, who began the Argument, that are at your Likes, and your Not Likes; and your Inclinations, and your Compulsions, and I know not what; know that I expect an entire submission to my Commands: prepare without more Logick, and Syllogism, to marry Sir *Mannerly* the Minute he comes to Town, or in plain Terms to get out of my Doors: If you refuse him for your Husband, know I will disown you for my Daughter; and see how you'll live to the Height and Gallantry of the Town then: see if the Refin'd Wits will maintain you; go to the Refin'd Wits, go;—Refin'd Wits with a Pox! Unrefin'd, leud, debauch'd Fops, that scarce ever read a Book in their Lives, except it were a Play; that understand nothing but writing Lampoons upon civil People, breaking of Jest on all things, turning all things Civil and Sacred into *Ridicule*, as they call it; *Ridicule*, there's a pretty Bastard Word; a Son of a Whore of the Times, *Ridicule*! No more ado, but prepare to marry Sir *Mannerly*, or I'll turn you into *Ridicule*.

*Chris.* Good Sir, what need all this Tempest of Passion? I do not refuse your Commands.

*Sir Tho.* Tempest of Passion! Oh, you are at your Metaphors are you?—Tempest of Passion!—Virgin, my Tempest of Passion is to drive you a ground upon the Shallows; there's a Trope for your Trope: To shew you a broad *Jacobus*, or a *Carolus* Wit of the last Age, is (I take it) of as much value, as a little *Guiney* Wit of this.—But you, forsooth, and your Refin'd Wits, think there were never any Wits but your selves; that your Fathers were all a Pack of honest marrying Fools, that had no more Wit than to bestow all their Love upon their Wives, and all their Estates upon their Children, to starve themselves of all Pleasure in a Conjugal Pond, that so the young Filleys may wince and neigh amongst the Mares in the fat Meadows. I must confess we were all Fools in the event: for had we known we should have gotten such an Age of Rake-flames as we have, we should rather have conspir'd together to have unpeopled the Land; we have a great deal to answer for lying with our Wives:—But though we were Wits, we were no Prophets, we could not foresee what the Age would prove; for if we had, I faith we had mump'd your Refin'd Wits, they should ne'er have known what Lampoon and *Ridicule* was.

*Chris.* Dear Sir, what need you continue in this Anger, and discompose your self? I shall endeavour to submit to your Commands.—But pray, Sir, give me leave to say one thing, and be not angry.

*Sir Tho.* Well, come, come.

*Chris.*

*Chris.* Nay, but promise me not to be angry.

*Sir Tho.* Well, come, come.

*Chris.* Have you forgot already, Sir, you have as good as engag'd me to Mr. *Ramble*; that all his Friends daily expect when the Match shall be concluded.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, are you thereabout; I thought it would break out at last.—I have pump'd you now I faith.—And have you so little Wit or Honour in you, so little of the Pride of the House of *Rash*, to love a wild, leud, debauch'd Fellow, who never fought any thing but to abuse you; who pretended Honourable Articles, on no design but to get within your Sconces and Half-moons, and then seize on your Garrison, and deceive you.

*Chris.* How do you know, Sir, his Purposes were ill? Did he ever reveal 'em to you? I am sure he never did, nor durst to me.

*Sir Tho.* How do I know! Do not I see how he behaves himself to all Women? He has not been come from *France* above three Months, and here he has debauch'd four Women, and fought five Duels: Not a Keeper in the Town can preserve his Doe from him; and does not he come every Night here in the *Pall mall*, under our own Noses, Serenading with his Fiddles and Fools, and at every Bush where he thinks there is a Hare for his Game, setting up a hollow?—

*Isab.* Nay, indeed, Madam, there is too much truth in this: I must needs say, I do not think him a Man worthy of you: And though I would not have you married to a Fool you cannot love, neither would I have you married to a false Man that does not love you, at least not half so much as you merit.

*Chris.* Dost thou conspire with my Father too to make me wretched?

*Isab.* I cannot but joyn with him in the Truth.

*Sir Tho.* O ho! are you convinc'd? then I perceive, Huffle, you disputed only for the sake of Disputing.

*Chris.* All is not Truth that is reported; he may love the Conversation of Women, out of the Airyness and Gaiety of his Temper, and yet have no ill design.

*Sir Tho.* Airyness and Gayety of his Temper! Lewdness and Debauchery of his Temper; and, Maid, I know what you mean by your pleading for him; you mean to run away with him, do you?

*Chris.* I scorn the thought, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* I shall not trust your Scorn; I will have better Security:—I will make you fast enough to Sir *Mannerly* as soon as ever he comes, I assure you: And for *Ramble*, if ever he approaches my Doors, I will fight him; nay, I'll fight him where e're I meet him: And so get you to your Chamber, and prepare all things for to morrow.—A Light here, a Light; who waits there?—no body? where are my People? [*Sir Tho. goes out.*]

*Isab.* I see Sir *Thomas* is resolv'd—

There's no avoiding, Madam.

*Chris.* What shall I do? I am almost distracted.

*Isab.* There is nothing to be done, but to call in your Heart as soon as you can; you see it is in a publick Bankers Hands, that deals with so many, that it is impossible but he must break with some; Some will scarce ever get their Interest, and few the Principal.

*Chris.* Ah, *Isabella*, what would I give to be assur'd of that? Oh, how much ease it would afford my Heart; I then could with as much delight and pleasure hate him, as now I love him.

*Isab.* Heaven!—Assurance!—What assurance, Madam, do you expect? Would you fain see him abed with some Woman? Will no Assurance serve you but that? To be plain, he's false to you; and I dare swear you make but one of the Fifty in the Catalogue of Women he makes Love to: To satisfy your self, do but enquire.

*Chris.* Enquire! Was I till now never inform'd of this? have I not oft been vex'd with these Reports? and have I not as oft accus'd him too?—and has he not deny'd 'em still with Oaths; such Oaths, that if he thinks he has a Soul, he must believe it damn'd if he be false: Do you not know that all I say is Truth?

*Isab.* I do: And do you not as well remember I told you all was Falshood he affirm'd? He thinks he has a Soul! alas, good Man, he seldom sets his Thoughts on those Affairs; he loves his Soul but as he loves his Bawd, only to pimp for Pleasures for the Body, and then, Bawd like, it may be damn'd, he cares not.

*Chris.* He is beholding to you for this Character.

*Isab.* The scurvy Picture is too like the Life.

*Chris.* He gives me too much Cause to fear it is  
Heaven! for the future Comforts of my Life,  
Grant me but one, but one Discovery;  
If after that bless'd Hour I do not hate him,  
Hate him with perfect Hatred; nay, condemn him,  
Condemn him, as the abject'st thing in Nature,  
Let me be doom'd to eternal Infamy;  
To live the Scorn and Scandal of my Sex;  
And die for love of him consum'd to Ashes,  
By some new, flaming, pestilential Feaver:  
And let those Ashes serve to dry the Billet doux  
He writes to common and abandon'd Wenches.

*Isab.* What an unheard of Curse have you invented!  
And may he flea off all my Skin for Paper,  
If I employ not all my Wit to trace him:  
And Womens Wits have always Edge and Point  
In these Affairs:—I'll to his Lodging presently,  
And hunt him dry-foot thence:—would odds were laid me  
I did not rouse my wild, out-lying Buck  
This hour, and catch him browsing on some Common,  
Where he, perhaps, little suspects a Hunter.

—But, Sir Thomas—

*Enter Sir Thomas, with Two Servants with Lights.*

*Sir Tho.* Come, come, to your Chamber, Maiden,—  
And fit your Accoutrements against to-morrow.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, my Lady Faddle is coming to speak with you.

*Sir Tho.* My Lady Faddle! News I warrant from her Nephew, Sir Man-  
nerly:—

nerly: ——— Her Ladyship is welcome: — Where is she? — wait on her in. ———

*Ifab.* Now we shall have a mess of fine Stuff, bragging and praising her self and her Nephew, in conceited fantastical Language; making Court to her self, in such an absurd manner, that it would make Pride humble, to see it self appear so ridiculous.

*Chris.* Ay, and still railing against the bad Women of the Town, only because they get all the Men from her: Because she can get no Lovers, she would fain have Love out of Fashion.

*Ifab.* Ay — and still most severely censuring all that are young and handsome to be naught; though she, at the same time, does all she can to seem handsome, that she may be naught.

*Chris.* That is like her railing against painted Women, at the same minute she is painting her self — But — 'st, she's a coming.

*Enter Lady Faddle and Bridget, Lady Faddle with a Letter.*

*Sir Tho.* My Lady Faddle! your Ladyships very humble Servant: What kind Occasion gives me the Honour of your Ladyships Visit thus late.

*L. Fad.* Sir Thomas, how dost thou do? Dear Sir Thomas, I have receiv'd a Letter this instant, which tells me news, which I am perswaded will not be undelightful — *Chbritty*, how dost thou do, sweet *Chbritty*? Thou hast a very passionate Adorer posting to thy Altars: Thy Lover is flying to thee on the Wings of Love and Honour, as the Poets say in their Plays.

*Chris.* What Stuff's here?

*Sir Tho.* News I warrant from your Nephew, Sir Mannerly.

*La. Fad.* Exactly conjectur'd. I'll assure thee, Sir Thomas; he writes me word, he intends, out of a piece of Gallantry, to ride Post all night, that he may visit his Mistress by break of day; he's unwilling the Sun should see her before him.

*Sir Tho.* A very fine Expression! I'll give him a thousand Pound more with her for that Expression — He's unwilling the Sun should see her before him! — I protest I have not heard a wittier and finer Passage.

*Chris.* Oh, most delicate! here's one glimps of the Fool's Picture I am to marry already; I shall see it more at large presently. [*Aside to Ifab.*]

*La. Fad.* Nay, I assure you, Sirs, you'll find him a notable Youth — *Chbritty*, thou must look over thy Academy of Complements to night, *Chbritty*, against he comes, or on my Honour he will be too hard for thee; he'll run thee down: He puts the Country Gentlemen to such Non-plusses, that they do not know what to say to him: he is call'd the very Wit and Spark of *Cumberland*; and is indeed the very Flower and Ornament of the North.

*Chris.* I'll warrant you his Wit and Sparkship lies in being an infinite Babler, and a most expert Fool at Questions and Commands, carrying of Counsel, Cross purposes, and some such ingenious Sports. [*Aside to Ifab.*]

*Ifab.* Ay, and I warrant, writes Anagrams and Acrosticks. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Tho.* Is it possible that one can be so finely bred in *Cumberland*?

*La. Fad.* Oh, you will wonder at it when you see him, to see how finely bred he is, how Juntee and Complaisant.

*Sir Tho.* Marvel! — what, and has never seen the Town!



*La. Fad.* Never seen any Town, almost : You must know, his Father, the old Baronet, was a Man that had mortal Enmities to the Town, and to all sorts of Town-vanity ; and would never suffer him to wear a Genteel Suit, to read any Book, except a Law-Book, nor to stir from home but in his Company ; and that was seldom any whether but to his Farms, and Tenants, to see his Grounds and Woods, or overlook his Quarries and Coal-Mines : And then his Mother, my Sister *Shallow*, on the other side, was the fondest Creature of him, and would never suffer him to be out of sight, except when he was with his Father : and both these having not been dead above a Twelve-Month, and the Affairs of his Estate employing him much at home ; I am perswaded the Bounds of his Land have been the utmost extents of his Travel ; except since his Parents Death, he has given himself a swinge to some Race, or Fair.

*Chris.* He is like to be a most accomplish'd Person.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Tho.* Your Ladyship puts me in Admiration—

Good Madam, which way could he come by this fine Breeding ?

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir *Thomas*, you will put me on a piece of Vanity.

*Isab.* And that needs not on my Word.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Tho.* Oh, your Ladyships humble Servant.

*La. Fad.* If I must answer you the truth, Sir *Thomas*, I must say, in spite of my Modesty, he is indebted to me for the most of his Accomplishments.

*Chris.* Then they are most accomplish'd Accomplishments.

[*Aside.*

*Sir Tho.* Oh, I beg your Ladyships Pardon, I did not conceive that before.

*La. Fad.* Oh good Sir *Thomas*, it is easily granted ; you must know I accustomed my self in my Sisters Life-time, to bestow my Company on her every Summer.

*Chris.* Indeed, if I had been she, I would never have thanked you for the Gift : I would rather you had bestow'd your Absence on me.

[*Aside.*

*La. Fad.* And you may imagine, for the Honour of my Family, I neglected no occasion of instructing my Nephew in all things that was pertinent to a well-bred Gentleman ; and truly I found him a very docible Scholar.

*Sir Tho.* Nay, if your Ladyship had the forming of him, he is the most perfect of Gentlemen, the Pattern of breeding and Vertue : for no common Excellencies could be deriv'd from such a noble Instructress.

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir *Thomas*, you over-run me with too great a flood of Language.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, 'tis your Ladyship only is the Governess of that Province.

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir *Thomas*, it is you are the Inheritor, 'tis you have the Learning, and the Parts.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, 'tis your Ladyship has the Phrase, and the Mine.

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir *Thomas*, it is you have all,

*Sir Tho.* Oh, the Sovereignty is your Ladyships.

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir *Thomas*, you depose your self from your Rights.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, 'tis your Ladyship dethrones your self.

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir *Thomas*.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, Madam.

*La. Fad.*



La. Fad. Intolerable presumption it were——

Sir Tho. I beseech your Ladyship.

La. Fad. I protest, Sir Thomas——

[Falls a Coughing.

Chris. Oh, how seasonably this Cough comes to deliver my poor Father.

[Aside.

La. Fad. Fie upon this tickling Rheum.

Sir Tho. Oh your Ladyship strains your self too much, to be obliging.

La. Fad. Oh, Sir Thomas.

Sir Tho. Oh, no more, I beseech your Ladyship: I will not presume to enter any more into the Lists and Tournaments of the Tongue with your Ladyship: I yield the Laurel to your Ladyship.—But to return to the Discourse from which we wandred, of Sir Mannerly: I am infinitely glad to hear of his Accomplishments and Perfections; for now I hope I shall convince my Daughter, when he appears, that there grow finer things in the Country than Pinks and Daiesies:—the Country is able also to produce a fine Gentleman; yes, Daughter, and (I hope) as fine a Man as your ador'd Ramble too: She thinks him, Madam, the very Top of the Creation, the Flower and Quintessence of Gallantry, the Wit of Nature, a meer Poem.

La. Fad. Oh, fie upon thee, Chrissy; dost thou debauch thy Affections with that lewd Fellow still.

Sir Tho. Ay, Madam, pray chide her.

La. Fad. Strange! did I never tell you how he courts a young Wench that lives over against my Lodging in the Pall mall, one Betty Frisque?

Isab. This is the Wench I told you of.

[Aside to Chris.

Chris. I give never the more credit to the Story from her Authority.

[Aside to Isab.

La. Fad. This Wench, you must know, is kept by that filthy old Fellow, my Lord Drybone, an old haras'd Fellow of the Town; one that has been an eminent Sinner these thirty years; was a great Comrade of Prince Grifins in the beginning of the War.

Sir Tho. I am more happy than to know him.

Chris. If the truth were known, he was some quondam Gallant of her Ladyships.

[Aside.

La. Fad. And she being exceeding pretty, (as I must needs say she is,) some say she bears some little of Resemblance of me: I think indeed she has a little of the Air of my Face.

Sir Tho. Then she wants for no Beauty.

La. Fad. Oh, Sir Thomas, I did not lay a Plot for that Complement.

Sir Tho. Oh, Madam.

Chris. Ridiculous!

[Aside.

La. Fad. She being, as I said, wonderful pretty, he is fond of her to Distraction; and so jealous, that he locks her up closer than a Nun, will scarce let her stir so far as the Balcony; will not let her see any Man, though but through the Casement.

Sir Tho. And to be brief, this wild Fellow, Ramble, plays Tricks to deceive the Lord Drybone of his beloved Prize.

La. Fad. Most certain.

Sir Tho. And your Ladyship has seen these Passages.

La. Fad. Not I; I know not the Fellow when I see him:

I hate fellows that run after such Creatures.—

I know such Fellows! — Foh : — I have 'em from the Wenches own mouth : You must know, out of pity to her, because I know her Friends, I give my self the trouble to sit with her sometimes, to endeavour to draw her from that vile course of life, and return to Vertue, of which she has yet some few sparks remaining.

Sir Tho. Well, I heartily thank your Ladiship for this story ; now I am confirm'd what a Fellow this *Ramble* is : and does he rank my Daughter with his *Betty Frisques*, and his Trulls ? let him but come near my doors if he dares.— Now Maid, you will importune me for *Ramble* again, will you ? yes, *Betty Frisque*, and you shall try a Frisquin for him,— you shall Duel it, you shall.— Well Madam, Sir *Mannerly* will be in Town to morrow you say.

La. Fad. Before the Sun is up.

Sir Tho. My money is ready, Madam ; we must not delay this business, lest any inconvenience should arise, if *Ramble* comes to have any intelligence of it.

La. Fad. They shall Marry on sight.

Sir Tho. I could wish Sir *Mannerly* had kept to the Letter of the Articles, and been in Town as he was oblig'd, four days ago.

La. Fad. You know I gave you the reason, and two or three days can break no square : I know, Sir *Thomas*, you are a person of that Honour, as not to take any advantage.

Sir Tho. Not in case no damage arises by delay.

La. Fad. There shall none, I warrant thee, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. Well, it grows late : I am your Ladyships most humble Servant :— I beseech you let me wait on your Ladiship to your Chair.

La. Fad. It needs not, Sir *Thomas*.

Chris. I love my Father for this ; — he very civilly and Complementary turns her out of doors. [aside.]

Sir Tho. Oh Madam, what do you take me to be ? do you think I will be so rude ? Take Lights here ; — *Christina*, pay your duty to your Lady-Aunt that must be, — and see her in her Chair.

[Sir Tho. ushers Lady Faddle out, Isab. carries Lights.

Chris. Oh now I am alone, my heart would break, [Musick plays.]

But that I scorn to let so false a Man, [Musick without.]

Plant Trophies on my Grave.— [Enter Isabella running.]

Isab. Oh Madam, Madam, Mr. *Rambles* Fiddles are just now going by the door ; your Father in a rage calls for his Sword, and will go fight him : if you please I will dog him, and discover his Intrigue.

Chris. Where are they ? which way went they ? [Exit running.]

My Scarf, and my Vizard Masque, quickly.

## SCENE, The Pall-Mall.

Merry goes over the Stage, followed by Musick.

Enter Lady Faddle holding Sir Tho. Rash, followed by a Chair and Flambeaux.

Sir Tho. Fear not, Madam, there shall no mischief come of it.

La. Fad. At my request, Sir *Thomas*.

Sir Tho. Your Authority over me is so absolute : — I will pawn my Honour

Honour to your Ladyship there shall no mischief be done, I will only send him further from my door.

*Footm.* The Musick goes near your Ladiships door.

*La. Fad.* Near my door! he will not have the impudence to Serenade me sure. [goes into the Chair.]

I am afraid the Fellow will pester me with his Amours: — [to the Chair-men.]  
Go home quickly.

*Sir Thomas*, Good-night.

*Sir Tho.* Boy, my Buff-Coat and my Tuck. [Exit.]

*The Musick goes over the Stage. Enter Christina and Isabella*

*Vizarded, following it.*

*Chris.* Now I shall discover my Gentleman; —

I thank Heaven for the ease this will give me:

But Oh how wretched is a Lovers fate,

When those we love, we study Arts to hate.

[Exeunt.]

## A C T II. SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter Merry and the Fiddles, followed by Christina and Isabella.*

[Lady Faddle and Bridget in the Balcony.]

*Merry.* **S**O, stand here, this is the place; it will not be long ere my Master comes.

*Isab.* This is as my Lady Faddle said, my Lord Drybone's House.

*Chris.* That foolish Woman was in the right I see.

*Isab.* Oh I will believe her Intelligence about these matters, as soon as any ones: she that plies in all places so diligently as she does, to get the reversal of some Intrigue, never fails of true Intelligence in these affairs.

*Chris.* And yet railing against Love is the perpetual subject of her eternal Tongue.

*Isab.* Oh she has reason, for Love uses her very scurvily, considering how much she Courts it.

*Chris.* Hark,— I think I hear babbling in her Balcony.

*Isab.* I warrant she's lending her foolish ear to the Musick.

*La. Fad.* Not Ramble's Fiddles!

*Bridg.* No, Madam; — I saw the Gentleman's face as a Link pass'd by.

*La. Fad.* Then the Serenade is to me; and I will know who dares be so bold.

*Bridg.* To your Ladyship! why should you think 'tis to you, Madam? 'tis over at my Lord Drybone's House.

*La. Fad.* What if it be? why may it not be directed to me? is my Person secure from the trouble of Amours? thou speak'st this out of contempt to me; I take it for an affront.

*Bridg.* I beseech your Ladyship think not so.

*La. Lad.* I do not think so; my Person is not yet —

*Bridg.* I do not talk of your Person, Madam: —

Lord what diligent watching and scouting have we to get a forlorn Lover into our weak ambush, and cannot! —

Madam, I only say 'tis over the way at my Lord Drybone's.

[aside.]

La.

*La. Fad.* Still continue in contradiction to me! dispute no more, but go and command the person from me, whoever he is, to come over to me; and if he has a passion, let him express it in a decent manner: in such a manner as I may with honour receive it.

*Bridg.* If he has a passion, — that is the thing she would be at. [*aside.*]

*La. Fad.* And let all my Servants appear, that he may know of what quality she is whom he pretends to Serenade.

*Bridg.* That he may know what a kind Coming Lady she is who would fain be Serenaded. [*aside.*] [*Ex. La. Fad. and Bridg.*]

*Chrisf.* It was her voice.

*Isab.* She was standing there I warrant in a fit of envy; repining at the plenteous feasts of other Beauties, whilst she would be glad of the Crumbs that fall from their Table.

*Chrisf.* What's the reason *Ramble's* Fiddles are so long silent? I am resolv'd I'll stay here till I see the event: whether the thing he Serenades will come to him or no.

*Mer.* 'Tis a very dark night, there's not light enough to shew me the end of my Nose; what stays this Master of mine so long? some new Love-adventure, I'll lay my life on't; for nothing else could stay him I'm sure: Oh 'tis a brave Universal Lover! what pity 'tis such a large spacious soul, that holds such vast prodigious quantities of Love, should have but one body to vent it at: the vent is too narrow: all the convenience is, that it is never empty. — But see, here's a pretty Woman coming out of that House.

*Enter Bridget.*

*Isab.* Here's my Lady *Faddle's* Woman coming.

*Mer.* Like Master, like Man: my Master is a Leviathan in Love, and I am a very Grampois; all but my Master are Porpuesses to me: some neighbouring She-vessel afraid of me, has thrown this Vessel over-board for me to fly withal: and see she swims towards me.

*Chrisf.* They meet.

*Isab.* 'Tis *Merry*, Mr. *Ramble's* Man.

*Chrisf.* What delign should they have together.

*Mr.* To me, Madam!

*Bridg.* Yes Sir, a Lady of quality over the way has something of concern to discourse with you, and desires you will oblige her so far as to come over.

*Mer.* A Lady of quality have concerns with me! — [*aside*] Some blessing thrown on me from Love, I hope, to reward my diligent labours in his service: No adventure with a Woman can be ill: I'll hazard my person: — wait you at that corner; — (to the Fiddles) That way my Master will come: if he ask for me, tell him I am call'd out in the service.

[*Ex. Merry and Bridg.*]

*Chrisf.* Gone in with my Lady *Faddle's* Woman! does *Ramble* hold secret correspondence with his publick enemy my Lady *Faddle*? is he come to that piece of treachery?

*Isab.* Only secret love; correspondence between *Merry* and *Bridget*: my Lady *Faddle* cannot be guilty of so cunning a Plot: you honour her understanding too much, to accuse her of it.

*Chrisf.* Well, why do I submit to such baseness, to creep after a false Fellow who deserves not my meanest thought? —

Mr.

Mr. *Ramble* farewell; your Fiddles have cur'd me of the *Tarantula* of Love, and the paltry Animal shall set his little venomous teeth in me no more, I warrant it.

*Isab.* Come, come, hang it, forgive a little extravagance for once; he loves you well in the main, I think in my Conscience: besides, all men are as bad; the whole Nation is infected with the same disease: there is not a sound-hearted wholesome Lover in it, except it be such a one as your Country Fool; and a thousand to one but he brings to Town some Country Itch too; a passion for a Dairy-Maid:—Oh the invincible charms of a Sillibub!

*Chris.* Dispute not:—I hate him, and the hour when first I saw him, and my self that ever I lov'd him: Nay, I hate the Passion of Love for his sake, and with this blast of Rage goes out that flame which his false fires enkindled: and now I will never spend one thought more of him: all my vexation is, that I must suffer for his crimes; because he has been false, I must be condemn'd to pine away my life in the embraces of a Clown:—a reasonable piece of Justice!

*Isab.* Come, Madam, never conspire to your own unhappiness: hearken not to pride; pride is a huffing vapouring Ass, pretends to conquer Love, and do greater matters than he is able: Love is not to be Hector'd by such a Coxcomb: hearken to Love, and make your self as happy as you can, if you cannot be as happy as you would, or as you deserve.

*Chris.* Leave thy Politiques, and thy idle discourse, or leave me: my Resolution is fix'd: I know when I do examine *Ramble* about it, he will have the impudence to deny it all: but I will circumvent him:—have you borrow'd my Cousins Lodgings for our Plot.

*Isab.* Yes, Madam, the whole House is at your service.

*Chris.* I'll go thither with speed: do thou watch thy opportunity to speak to *Ramble*. [Exit.

*Enter Bridget laughing.*

*Bridg.* What sport have I had!—Now the amorous Star whom my Lady has so long Courted, has shed his influence: she has gain'd a Lover, now her heart will be at rest; and her tongue too will have many a minutes repose, which was before continually railing against Intrigues, and wanton Women, and lewd Men, and I know not what: But the way of gaining him was pleasant; she plainly frighted the Man into Love, fac'd him down he Serenaded her, and she would right her Honour, that the poor Man is forc'd to pretend an extraordinary Passion for fear of being Cudgel'd:—But see, he was coming away already, I believe he suspects a bearing still.

*Enter Lady Faddle and Merry.*

*Mer.* Oh Madam, what do you mean to give your sweet beauteous self this trouble?

*La. Fad.* What should I mean, Sir, but to express my civilities.

*Mer.* The Air is damp, Madam, and you may catch one of these scurvy reigning Colds, that possess almost all the Lungs and Noses of the Town; and you are now in more danger than any, because a Cold will be ambitious to inhabit your fair person.

*La. Fad.* Oh Sir, you are very ingenious: I may well endure a minutes cold Air for you, who have sigh'd so many cold Evenings (as you say you have) under my Window.



*Mer.* That I have indeed, Madam.

*Lad. Fad.* Well Sir, to tell you truth, I dare not be unkind to you: for as some men have unlucky hands, where they strike they kill; so I have unlucky eyes, where I wound I swear I very often kill: I swear so many have dy'd for me, that I began to have a little regret in my mind, and resolve to bring no more Innocent blood on my head,

*Mer.* O blest be that pious Resolution! — but for this comfort my fate had been the same: my soul might have gone to the Musick of the Spheres, but never to the Fiddles that wait for me in the Street.

*Enter a Fiddler running.*

*Fid.* Where is he? — *Jack, Jack Merry*, your Master is come; come away quickly.

*Mer.* You sawcy Rascal, whither do you press? *[strikes him.]*

*Fid.* How now, you puppy, what's this for? I'll make your Master Cudgel you. *[Exit Fidler.]*

*Mer.* Dog, I'll run him through.

*La. Fad.* Hold, hold Sir, what's the meaning of this?

*Mer.* A rude Fellow to press into a Ladies presence; because we Jest with one another in the Streets, he must come and play his Horse-play here.

*Lad. Fad.* What does the Fellow mean, Sir?

*Mer.* You must know there is a Gentleman in this Town, one Mr. *Ramble*, that is a great Comrade of mine; we live together, and are sworn Brothers, and call one another out of Rallery Master and Man; sometimes I am his Man, and sometimes he is my Man: and indeed we are inseparable; joyn hearts, joyn secrets, joyn Fiddles together; he knows of my Love, and I know of his Love; and both our Mistresses living so directly opposite one to the other, we bring our Fiddles and Serenade both under one: and this wild Fellow you saw, is a Gentleman that we admit in our Company, because he plays his part on the Violin: — and he has no more Manners than to press after me into a Lady of Quality's presence, like an ill-bred Scraper as he is: — I swear I'll —

*La. Fad.* Oh Sir, let there be no quarrels. —

*Mer.* No, no, Madam, I'll warrant you.

*La. Fad.* Nay, but promise me; it will make me publick, and dishonour me.

*Mer.* I will engage my Honour there shall not: — Well, most dear, dear Madam, we are now each others for ever; to morrow the formalities of the Church shall conclude what is so happily begun.

*La. Fad.* Farewell, dear Sir.

*Mer.* Farewell, most dear Madam: Oh happy night! O happy hour! Oh happy me!

*La. Fad.* Well, I swear this was unexpected.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter Ramble and Musick at one door: Ramble meets Merry.*

*Ramb.* Who's there, *Merry*?

*Mer.* Who should it be else? who walks the Streets o' this time of nights, but you or I, Sir?

*Ramb.* I have been staid by the bravest adventure.

*Mer.* I have not been idle, Sir; I dare compare adventures with you for what you please.

*Ramb.* I'll tell thee mine anon.

*Mer.*



*Mer.* And I'll tell you mine, when you have a mind to laugh : Well, Sir, my Comfort is, you nor I shall not have much to answer for, for neglecting the Talents Nature has given us ; we have no loss of time lies on our Consciences : While other lazy People sleep and take their ease, we are conscientiously labouring in the Cause ; and yet these wicked People censure us, and say we turn day into night, and night into day, and invert the order of Nature.

*Ramb.* The order of Nature ! the order of Coxcombs ; the order of Nature is to follow my Apperite : Am I to eat at Noon, because it is Noon, or because I am a hungry ? To eat because a Clock strikes, were to feed a Clock, or the Sun, and not my self : Let dull grave Rogues observe distinction of Seasons, eat because the Sun shines, and when he departs lie drown'd some nine hours in their own Flegm ; I will pay no such homage to the Sun, and Time, which are things below me ; I am a Superior Being to them, and will make 'em attend my Pleasure.

*Mer.* Most nobly resolv'd : how proud shall I be to have the Sun my Fellow-Servant.

*Ramb.* The World is Nature's House of Entertainment, where Men of Wit and Pleasure are her free Guests, ty'd to no Rules and Orders : Fools indeed are her Household-stuff, which she locks up, and brings forth at Seasons ; handsome Fools are her Pictures ; studious, plotting, engineering Fools are her Mechanick Implements ; strong laborious Fools, are her common Utensils ; valiant bold Fools are her Armoury ; and dull insignificant Fools are her Lumber, which by Wars, Plagues, and other Conveniences, she often throws and sweeps out of the World.

*Mer.* Very well, Sir :—and pray what Fool am I ?

*Ramb.* An amphibious Creature, that liveth in both Elements of Wit and Fool ; the major part of thee is Fool ; but that part of thee that is Wit is true Wit ; and so thou art a nobler Animal than many of those poor Creatures that thou see'st swim after Men of Wit and Sense, for the Scraps and Ords of Wit that fall from them ; they leap and play out of the Water, as high as they can, but they are but Fish still ; Folly is their Element, and there they must stay. I pity the poor Poets ; these Creatures do but spoil our Mirth, but they ruin the Poets Labours ; they are to them as the Fox is to the Badger, when the Badger has with great pains scratch'd himself a Hole, the Fox comes and stinks him out of it : But enough of this.—Come, to the business in hand ; however 'tis in other Affairs, I am for reducing Love to the state of Nature ; I am for no propriety, but every man get what he can : however Invasion in this Case I am sure is lawful ; when a pretty young Woman lies in the Possession of an old Fellow, like a fair fertile Province under the Dominion of the Turk, uncultivated and unenjoy'd, no good Christian but ought to make war upon him :—that mine is a kind of Holy War, and I deserve a Benediction : And so my musical Pilgrims to your Arms.

*Mer.* Sir, you will make the jealous old Lord cut the pretty Creatures Throat.

*Ramb.* Oh, Sir, he loves his Divertisment too well for that ; like an old Cat that has been a good Moufer in his time, he loves his Prey, though it be but to mew over it :—But look, I see a Light.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* I hear her Voice too:— I am sure 'tis hers.

*Ramb.* She's coming to the Window:—

Rogues, run and light your Flambeaux, or call a Link that she may see me.  
[To his Footmen.

*Mer.* Up so late!

*Ramb.* Ay, poor Creature, she, like the rest of her Sex can have no rest in this World, neither with a Man, nor without a Man; not with a Man, for if he be young, he lets her have no rest; if he be old she lets him have no rest; and without a Man, to rest is impossible: So, poor Souls, they have no rest in this Life.—Heark, they are loud; let's listen.

*Lord Drybone, Betty Frisque, and Cifs, come to the Window.*

*Lord Dr.* What do you come to the Window for? come to bed I say.

*Betty.* I will not come to Bed.

*Lord Dr.* Will you still be thus humour some?

*Betty.* Yes that I will.

*Lord Dr.* Come, you are a proud, silly, whimsical, inconsiderable, fantastical Jilt.

*Betty.* Come, you are a weak, trifling, old No-man.

*Ramb.* Oh admirable! this is a Serenade to me.

*Lord Dr.* How dare you talk thus to a Man of my Quality?

*Betty.* What care I for your Quality; do you think I am in love with a Patent? 'tis a Man, and not a piece of Parchment that I value.

*Ramb.* A very Wit, as I live.

*Cifs.* Pray, Madam, do not anger my Lord so.

*Lord Dr.* Do you know who I am, that you dare say this?

*Betty.* Yes, I know you to be Thing with a Title; or rather Nothing with a Title: Your Lordship is Titular, your Manhood is Titular, and every thing Titular but your Money; and your substantial Money compounds for your Titular Person.

*Lord Dr.* Do you twit me i'th' Teeth with my Bounty to you? forgive the Fault, Mrs. *Elizabeth Frisque*, I shall be penitent and reform.

*Betty.* I doubt not your penitence and Reformation; I shall have some Ambassadors from *Guiney* to morrow, to treat of a Peace; the King's Image in Gold, must make Satisfaction for the Faults committed by the Image of a Subject.

*Ramb.* The most admirable Tongue-Fencer I have heard, he cannot get a hit of her.

*Lord Dr.* You are very civil, Mrs. *Elizabeth*,——

To shew how damnably I shall frustrate your Expectations, I this night put an end to your Reign: Your way of livelyhood is much after the Mode of the *Tartars*; when you have graz'd all you can in one Province you seek out a new one: and so prepare to morrow for fresh Forage.

*Betty.* My way of living with you has been much after the mode of the *Tartars*, for I have tasted since I came, nothing but Horse-flesh; and fresh Forage I will seek to morrow,

*Lord Dr.* And so you shall.

*Mer.* Do you hear, Sir? the fair Faulcon will have her Hood and her Bells pull'd off to morrow, and set to fly at liberty.

[Exit Lord Dr,

*Ramb.*

*Ramb.* I hear: I want but a light to Lure her down on my fist: where stay my loytering Rogues?

*Mer.* I am afraid 'tis so late there's not a light to be got.

*Betty.* Come *Ciss*, I'll go lie with thee.

*Ciss.* Why do you vex my Lord so, Madam?

*Betty.* This is the discipline I keep him under: not a syllable he speaks to night, but shall cost him dearer than printing a Book in Folio: he shall be glad to morrow to tie me and all my things in my Chamber with Point de Venice, and barricado me with Stones as rich as the Philosophers Stone, and Mortar of Amber greefe.

*Ciss.* Well, I swear 'tis a rare thing to be an absolute Prince, and have rich Subjects; Oh how one may Pill 'em and Poll 'em. [Exit.]

*Ramb.* Oh dull Rogue that I am! I have staid till she's gone; gone, as I live, the Window is shut and all dark: strike up, you Rogues, and retrieve her; never stay for Tuning. — She does not come yet: — scrape as loud as you can, make your Catguts squeek as loud as a Consort of Catterwaulers would at the roasting of one: — she's goneto bed, I am rain'd: — Sing, joyn all your throats and bawl; beat a Travalley on the Drums of their ears. — I hear some body at the Window, 'tis she I hope: { Lord Dryb. peeps now be more melodious, lest you fright her hence. }  
{ out of the window. }

Lord Dr. Musick at my door at this time o' night! Now I shall discover my Gentlewomans Intrigues: 'twas for this she came to the window: I'll listen to try if I can find out any mystery by their Song, and then steal to the door, and see who they are.

S O N G.

**A** Pox of impertinent Age,  
The pleasures of Youth to invade;  
The Cheat who has long been broke,  
Has impudence still to Trade.  
Awaken fair Celia betimes,  
Before thy sweet Youth's undone;  
Come sow thy delights in a breast  
Will yield thee a hundred for one.

I bring thee hot Youth and Love,  
Come mingle thy fires with mine;  
We'll serve to the night for Stars,  
And make 'em ashamed to shine.  
Come down to my plentiful feast,  
Lye picking o' bones no more,  
The scraps of a dish ill dress'd,  
And the leavings of many a Whore.

As they have done singing, enter Sir Thomas Rash in a Buff-coat, with a long Sword by his side, followed by two or three Footmen with long Swords.

*Sir Tho.* Where is this *Ramble* and his Fiddles?

*1 Footm.* I heard 'em, an't like your Worship, but just now hereabouts.

*Sir Tho.* How shall I know they are his? — a company of Rogues, to lay my Buff-coat out of the way, that I have lost *Ramble* while I have been looking my Coat: — and you, Sirrah, to let your Torch go out.

[to one of the Footmen.]

*Ramb.* What an unlucky Puppy am I? she does not look out yet.

*1 Footm.* Sir, Sir, an't like your Worship I see a heap of men at yonder door, I believe they are they.

*Sir Tho.* How shall I know that Sirrah? — come along, I'll listen, and hear what they talk of: if it be *Ramble*, I'll *Ramble* him, I'll teach him to come rambling and rumbling after my Daughter.

2 Footm.

2. *Footm.* O' my Conscience 'tis he, Sir ; for I heard the Fiddles hereabout.

*Sir Tho.* Hold your Tongue, you Puppy.

[*Listens.*]

*Enter Lord Drybone in his Night-Gown, with a Sword in his Hand.*

*Lord Dr.* So, they are here still ; I was afraid they were gone ; now shall I discover who they are.

[*Goes behind them and peeps.*]

*Mer.* She's gone to bed, Sir ; she will not come out any more to night.

*Ramb.* How unlucky was this ?

*Sir Tho.* I have found him i' faith ;—that's *Ramble's* Voice, and that's my Daughter they talk of : she has promis'd to come out to him it seems :—here's brave doings, I'll make some body smart :—Rogues be ready when I give the word :—let me peep whereabouts he is.

[*Sir Tho. peeps.*]

*Lord Dr.* So, fo, they expect to steal her out :—Oh brave Whore !—Who can this be ?—let me peep—A Fellow in a Buff Coat ; and by what I can perceive, an old Fellow too :—

{*Peeps about Sir Tho. and Sir Tho. about Lord Dr.*}

What, has the Intrigues with Hectors, and old Hectors ! methinks an old rich Lord, should be as good as an old poor Hector.

*Sir Tho.* Ha ! in his Night-Gown ! just ready to chop to bed to her when she comes : they have made a Match to lie together here to night : Oh sweet vertuous Madam *Christina* ! I have bred you up to fine purpose ! I'll stay till you come, to give my Blessing on you both together.

*Mer.* Come, Sir, you had as good go to your Repose ; the jealous old Coxcomb does so watch her Water, that she cannot get out.

*Lord Dr.* The jealous old Coxcomb ! Oh brave ! what Rogue is this ?

*Sir Tho.* The jealous old Coxcomb ! Sirrah, your Throat shall be cut for this.

*Ramb.* Pox on him for me, he has made me lose a night Fatigue.

*Lord Dr.* Pox on him !

*Sir Tho.* Pox on him ! yes, I'll give you five thousand pound with my Daughter to bid a Pox on me,—I will.

*Mer.* Sir, Sir, whate'er the business is, the door is open ; If you will, I'll enter softly, and see what it means.

*Ramb.* Do, oh do, prethee dear *Merry* ! Oh Heav'n grant—

*Lord Dr.* Stealing to the Door !

[*Lord Drybone gets betwixt Merry and the Door.*]

Who's there ?

[*He gives Merry a box o' th Ear.*]

*Mer.* A Friend.

[*Merry strikes him again.*]

*Lord Dr.* Ho, *Peter*, *George*, ho, my People, ho !

*Sir Tho.* Are you quarelling amongst your selves ? I'll make one among you :—*Ramble*,—where are you *Ramble* ? I'll *Ramble* you :—fall on.

*Ramb.* *Sir Thomas Rast's* Voice, I'm ruin'd, retreat, retreat.

[*Ramble and Merry retreat, followed by Sir Tho.*]

*Rast's Men* : the Fiddlers run several ways.

*Sir Tho.* *Ramble* is my Man :—and here he is.—are you running into your Castle, Sir ?

[*Lays hold on Lord Dryb.*]

*Lord Dr.* *George*, *Peter*, *George* !

*Sir Tho.* Oh, you change your voice, Sir, now I am come, do you ? 'tis not *George*, nor *St. George* shall help you now, Sir : I'll teach you to make a Whore of my Daughter, Sir.

Lord

Lord Dr. How! her Father here! is this old Hector her Father! — make a Whore of your Daughter, Sir! your Daughter was a Whore before I had any thing to do with her.

Sir Tho. Oh horrid, she's Common! however I will have\* my penny-worths out of you.

Lord Dr. Murder, murder; George, Peter, Thomas, Rogues, come help me!

*Enter Lord Drybone's Men.*

2 Footm. My Lord assaulted!

Sir Tho. Murder, murder; Andrew, Nicholas, Will, Rogues, come help me!

*Enter Ramble and Merry fighting with Sir Tho's Men.*

Ramb. Sir Thomas calls out murder.

Sir Tho. Foot. My Master thereabouts!

*[Sir Tho.'s men run away from Ramble, and fall on Lord Drybone.]*

Lord Dr. Ho, the Watch! a Constable, a Constable!

*[Lord Drybone runs in calling Constable, whilst all the rest fight belter skelter.]*

*Enter Constable and Watch.*

Const. Knock 'em down, knock 'em down; —

*[The Watch knock the Servants down.]*

Seize that man, and that man, and bring 'em before me.

*[Watch seizes Sir Tho. and Ramble.]*

Who are you? what are you? come before me: — Sir Thomas Rash! and Squire Ramble! — I know you both: What's the meaning of this, Gentle men? a man of your Worship, Sir Thomas, to be a fighting in the Streets o' this time o' night! lie upon it: and Squire, you use to be more civil.

Ramb. Sir Thomas, I am glad to see you so well: I hope you have got no hurt: — who was it quarrell'd with you?

Sir Tho. Oh fine Fellow! he has got his Cloaths on already, to put a cheat upon me; and the better to promote it, pretends he knows nothing of the quarrel: — No, Sir, no, I have got no hurt.

Ramb. I am glad of it with all my heart.

Sir Tho. To make a Whore of my Daughter, is no hurt to me. *[aside.]*

Ramb. I was very fortunate to pass by.

Sir Tho. And so was I to discover this Roguery. *[aside.]*

Const. This is like Gentlemen; now I commend you: Come Gentlemen, you are both my Friends; I will convey you safe home with my Fleet of Lanthorns, and let's be merry as we go: the man in the Moon and I are Dukes of Midnight: give a spill to my Watch, and my Grace shall drink your health in Claret.

Sir Tho. Less of your Wit, and more of your Office, Mr. Constable; I will have Revenge, though I put my Daughter in Bridewell: seize that Gentleman, Mr. Constable.

Ramb. Me, Sir, for what? you are in some mistake: I came to your assistance.

Sir Tho. Seize him, I say.

Ramb. What's the meaning of this?

Sir Tho. You shall know the meaning presently.

Const. Come, come Gentlemen, pray let us make you Friends.

D

Ramb.



*Ramb.* Sir, there was never any enmity betwixt us: there is no man in the world that I am more Servant to than Sir *Thomas Rash*.

*Sir Tho.* Yes, Sir, I know what service you do me, and you shall have your wages: seize us both, I say, and carry us before the next Justice of Peace.

*Const.* I am sorry for this, P'faith Gentlemen.

*Ramb.* Sir *Thomas*, there need be no seizing, I'll wait upon you: Mr. Constable, if you please you may let me walk at liberty, I will engage my Honour to you, I will wait on Sir *Thomas Rash* wherever he pleases to command me.

*Sir Tho.* No thanks to you, Sir, I'll make you do it: I'll try if there be Law against such lewd doings as these are: bring him along here.

*[walks before in fast.]*

*Const.* What have you done, Squire, to Sir *Thomas*? he is a hasty chole-  
rick Man.

*Ramb.* I have only hindred him from having his throat cut; if he be angry at that, I cannot help it.

*Mer.* What Devil brought this old Fellow hither? and what ayls him?

*A noise within of drunken Bullies, who enter with their  
Swords drawn, roaring.*

*Om. Bul.* Hay, hay, scour! scour!

*1 Bul.* An honest Gentleman going to Prison.

*Om. Bul.* Rogues, Rogues.

*[The Bullies fight, and beat the Watch;  
all go off scuffling and roaring.]*

### ACT III. SCENE, The Street.

*Enter Ramble.*

*Ramb.* I Am beholden to the honest drunken Bullies, that procur'd my liberty from these Night-Corfsairs and Algerines call'd the Watch, that Pickaroon up and down in the Streets, and will not let an honest Christian Vessel, laden with *Burgundy*, sail by: but I was little beholden to Fortune, to stand in need of their help: I do not like the adventure with this cholerick old Father-in-law of mine; a Pox of the formal Coxcombs for me, that invented the Rules of Manners and Civility, and Foolery: — I must endure the humours of this old Fellow, only because he club'd to the Production of the fair *Christina*; as if a man were bound in civility to stand under the droppings of a Conduit all days on's life, because once at a Coronation it ran Claret, and he was drunk with it.

*Enter Merry and Isabella Vizarded.*

*Mer.* Sir, Sir, I have the most glorious News for you!

*Ramb.* Ha! quick, quick; thou fir'st me, — what is it?

*Mer.* A most delicate young Lady, Wife to a person of very great Quality, has been sick for you these six months; and her Husband happening this night to be out of Town, she has sent her Woman for you.

*Isab.* O why did you say so, Sir? I told you I stole out o' my own head, out of pity to her: she knows nothing of it.

*Ramb.* No, no, she knows nothing of it to my knowledge.

*Isab.* I know when I bring him she will kill me: but I had rather she should kill me, than Love should kill her.

*Ramb.*



*Ramb.* I will save both your lives, dear creature, lead me quickly to her before her disease grows desperate.

*Isab.* Well Sir, you must send your Man away; nor must you know whither you go. — dear, what am I a going to do?

*Ramb.* Come along, sweet Rogue: — *Merry*, to your own affairs.

[*Exeunt Rambles and Isabella.*]

*Mer.* I have a cursed itch to be following 'em, and see whither they go: — they are gotten into Chairs, and the Rogues are in their Trot: — Now they have turn'd the corner: — Let 'em go, I'll to my own honest conscientious Matrimonial affairs.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter two Chairs; The Scene a Room: The Chairs are set down, and Rambles and Isabella vizarded come out of them.*

*Isab.* I have brought you thus far, Sir; but Heaven knows how to lead you any further: my wit is here at an end: I dare not for my life introduce you: — Cannot you pretend some mistake or other?

*Ramb.* A thousand, a thousand: — I will pretend some Mistress of mine had newly chang'd her Lodging, and I mistook this for it.

*Isab.* That will be excellent: I see you want no wit upon these Occasions: — But will you be faithful to my Lady's honour, Sir, and not trust your Man, nor any Friend you have, with a secret of such importance?

*Ramb.* I will cut out my tongue if I talk of it but in a dream.

*Isab.* Dear Sir, do: well, stay but a little bit of a minute, whilst I run in and see in what humour my Lady is, and I will come back and shew her Chamber.

[*Exit Isab.*]

*Ramb.* Ten thousand thanks, my dear, dear Providore. — Sent for by a young handsome Lady, (so her Instrument says she is) to supply not only the absence, but defects of a Husband: Let me see, what ready Love have I about me? I should come off blewly now, if I should not have enough, but be forc'd to cheat her of one half of the reckoning: — No matter, she is rightly serv'd to surprize me so; she ought to have given me fair warning, and not have drawn so great a Bill as this on me, to be paid at sight: she might well think, I that am such a constant Trader, cannot have much money in Bank: Ay, but she is in Love; and Love is blind, one may put a false piece of Coin on him now and then, especially after I have paid him a great sum, he will not be so scrupulous. — Well, I am a Catholick man of strange universal use, I ought to have a Pension for the publick service I do the State; but though I am an excellent Subject, I am a trayterous Lover; how like a barbarous Villain do I use that divine Creature Mrs. *Christina*? if I were fifty *Rambles* bound together, I had not merit enough for her Love; and I, though I am but one, yet parcel my self out every minute to fifty Women: yet 'tis not for want of love to her, for the enjoyment of other Women, give me not so much delight as a smile from her: and yet, I gad, the enjoyment of her would not keep me from the chase of other Women: — Here I am raving mad after a Woman, only tickled with an Image in my own fancy, of a young, pretty, melting, twining, burning Creature, who for I ought I know may be only an old, ugly, lecherous *Succuba*, like a burning Hill, with snow on her top, and fire in her guts; and has enchanted me to her imbraces with a delicate young amorous Picture, put in my head: No,

no, it cannot be; if she were ugly, she would not have the impudence to send for me; nay, she would not have the impudence to Love: No, no, she must be handſom, ay, and extreemly handſom too.—Let me ſee, what kind of Woman may ſhe be; ſhe has a large, rouling, ſmiling, black Eye, full of Fire; a round, ſweet, juicy, melting Lip, full of Blood; even, ſmall Ivory Teeth; full, round, white, hard Breasts; a ſmall, ſtrait, delicate ſhape; a white little Hand, inclining to be moiſt; a little, neat Foot; her Stature middling.—Ay, this is ſhe, I know her as well as if I were married to her: I am ſure 'tis ſhe—I' gad I am paſſionately in love with her.—Oh, my dear Envoy, come back quickly with full Commiſſion from thy Lady, or I ſhall fall into a Fever.—Come, come, come.—Here ſhe is; here ſhe is;—my Dear, let's go, let's go, let's go;—ſhew me the way, ſhew me the way, my dear Scout, for my Forces are all up in Arms, and they will charge in ſpight of my Teeth, I cannot hold 'em in. *[Enter Iſabella.]*

*Iſab.* Ah, Sir, begone, begone, or I ſhall be ruin'd, be kill'd; I gave my Lady (to try what ſhe would ſay) but a little hint, not of your being here, but only ſaid, What if I could bring you hither? or ſo! and ſhe ran diſtracted:—I thought ſhe would have dy'd: I never ſaw one in ſuch a Paſſion in my life: Oh, Sir, there is no hope; ſhe is ſo tender of her Honour, that it is impoſſible to come at her.

*Ramb.* What doſt thou ſay? thou tortur'ſt me! wrack'ſt me? kill'ſt me!—'tis impoſſible to come at her!—'tis impoſſible not to come at her:—I am all o' fire, and I muſt go, will go;—

*Iſab.* Oh, Sir, what do you mean? do you bear me malice? have you a mind I ſhould be kill'd? *[Holds him.]*

*Ramb.* I love thee, next thy Lady, above all the Creatures in the world—I will take all upon my ſelf, and pretend I came in by miſtake; and no Creature ſhall know any thing.

*Iſab.* Oh, Sir, ſhe will know it all to be a meer invented Story, a Flam, for I have the Keys of all the Doors, and no body can come in but by my conſent.

*Ramb.* Oh, but you left open the door to night by accident.

*Iſab.* Oh, no, no, Sir, I ſhut 'em, and told her I ſhut 'em! and was more careful than ord'nary to night, becauſe of his Lordſhips being abroad and few Servants in the Houſe.

*Ram.* A Pox o' the Doors,—I muſt go in,—I will go in,—I cannot but go in.

*Iſab.* Have you a mind I ſhould be kill'd—do you thiſt after my Blood?

*Ramb.* I will protect both thy Life and Honour.

*Iſab.* But Sir you cannot, my Lady will call up all the Footmen in the Houſe.

*Ramb.* Then I will call up one of my Feet, and kick 'em all down Stairs.

*Iſab.* Oh, I beſeech you,—I entreat you. *[Falls down and holds bis Leg.]*

*Ramb.* Dear Creature, I cannot forbear: I am a certain Steed that am us'd to leap into other Mens Grounds; and I muſt leap though with a Clog at my Foot. *[He drags her.]*

*Iſab.* Oh, Sir, Sir, let me but go in and ſettle my Countenance, that I may appear as if I knew nothing of the Plot; do but do that for me.

*Ramb.* Ay, with all my Heart, dear Rogue:—I will do any thing that's Reason:— *[Iſabella runs in.]*

In what a heat am I! this looks like a Trick in this Slut, to make me ſo fierce and ravenous, that, like a hungry Lyon, I ſhall prey at laſt on her my Keeper.

*Enter*

*Enter Isabella.*

Now, my dear !

*Isab.* Oh, Sir, ruin'd, ruin'd, my Lady has over-heard all our talk, and is ready to fall into Fits : I am undone, undone.

*Ramb.* Is she in Fits — I am the only Man at Fits in the World.

*Isab.* Oh, Sir, you cannot get to her, she has lock'd her self in her Chamber ; and if you offer any Violence she will call out to the Neighbours.

*Ramb.* A Pox on her for falling in love with me, and o' thee for telling me : find out some way of making an Interview betwixt us, or open Wars will break out, and I will march to her Frontiers.

*Isab.* I cannot find out one, though I should break my Brain with study.

*Ramb.* Then keepthy Brain whole, and I will break the Door.

*Isab.* Hold, Sir, hold Sir, since it must be so, I have thought of one : say after me as loud as she may hear you, for her Chamber is but hard by, and we will see what that will do. — — —

Excuse me, Mrs. *Andrews*, for forcing my self so rudely into your Lady's House.

*Ramb.* Excuse me Mrs *Andrews*, for forcing my self so rudely into your Lady's House.

*[She speaks softly.]*

*[He speaks loud.]*

*Isab.* It is an invincible Passion which I have for your Lady.

*Ramb.* It is an invincible Passion which I have for your Lady.

*Isab.* I must speak with her now my Lord's abroad.

*Ramb.* I must speak with her now my Lord's abroad.

*Isab.* If she will ruin her Reputation and be obstinate she may.

*Ramb.* If she will ruin her Reputation and be obstinate she may.

*Isab.* For I die if I do not see her. *Ramb.* For I die if I do not see her.

*Isab.* Now let me run and see how this has wrought : I must call to her through the Key-hole. *[Exit Isabella, and calls within, Madam.]*

*Ramb.* This Jade has heated me till I am all in a Foam.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* This has done good : — since her Honour would be wholly ruined if there should be any Hubbub made to preserve her Honour, my Lady consents to admit you.

*Ramb.* Oh sweet Rogue!

*Isab.* Not so fast, Sir, you must swear not to divulge any thing.

*Ramb.* Ay, ay, I swear ! what else ?

*Isab.* I must run and tell her : —

*[She goes out, and comes in immediately.]*

And you must swear not to see her, or call for a light, or draw the Windows or Curtains.

*Ramb.* I swear, I swear.

*Isab.* I'll run and tell her. —

*[Exit, and enter immediately.]*

And you must swear not to talk to her, or at least compel her to talk, to guess who she is by her Voice.

*Ramb.* I swear I will not give her leisure to talk, I will employ her Tongue otherwise.

*[Exit Isabella, and enters.]*

*Isab.* And you must swear not to touch her.

*Ramb.* Nay then I shall be artickled out of all : I will keep my past Articles, but I will not make one Article more.

*Isab.*

*Ifab.* Well then, since it must be so, follow me,—follow me;—softly, that none of the Servants may hear.—Hold, Sir, to let you see what an extraordinary Esteem my Lady has of you, she will trust you with her Honour, and discover the beautiful Empire which your victorious Charms have conquer'd:—See, Sir, this is the wounded Lady.

*The Scene is drawn, and discovers Christina.*

*Ramb. Christina!* am I betray'd? Oh, for an Art to walk away invisible.

*Chrisf.* Whither, whither, cruel Sir, are you conveying my Felicity away now I have taken such pains to attain it? Oh use not that Empire Nature has given you over poor Womens Hearts too tyrannically! consider we are poor, soft, loving things, and a little Cruelty will kill us; have pity on a poor Lady that dies for you, and is forc'd to descend from the Modesty of her Sex, to court you to a Minutes Conversation, at an hour when the rest of the happy World enjoy, some their Loves, some their Repose, and all are at ease but poor me.

*Ramb.* Jade, you will pay for this.— [To *Ifab.*  
Nothing can help me now but Impudence:—So, Madam, you think you have put a fine Trick on me now, you think you have catch'd me.

*Chrisf.* I warrant you knew of the Plot.

*Ramb.* I warrant you think I did not.

*Chrisf.* Why did you?

*Ramb.* Did I! a likely Matter, that I should not know *Ifabella's* Voice.

*Chrisf.* Why thou Prodigy of Impudence, dar'st thou impole such a Falshood as thison me; I believ'd thee against the Reports of the whole World, which long since assur'd me of thy Baseness; but dost thou think I will believe thee against the Testimony of my Eyes too? know I this Minute tear thee out o' my Heart, and after this never see me more.

*Ramb.* Ha, ha, what shall we jest till we quarrel?

*Enter a Servant running.*

*Serv.* Madam, Madam, here's your Father a coming; it seems he mis'd you out of your Lodging, and is coming in a great Rage to see if you be here.

*Ramb.* Ah, what will he say if he catch me here? let me be gone, make room, make Room.

*{Ramble creeps away at one Door.  
{Enter at another Sir Tho. Rash.*

*Sir Tho.* So, Maid, have I found you out o' doors? go.

*Chrisf.* Who do you speak to, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* To the Corruption of my Blood, to the disease of my Soul, to the Filth of my House, to the Putrefaction of my Honour; a blot which my Sword should this instant scrape out of being, if the Rent could be hid from the Eyes of the World, or all the Dust of the Grave conceal thee.

*Chrisf.* Oh Heaven!

*Sir Tho.* Speak not, thy Voice is more horrid to me than the Groans of a Mandrake; thy sight more odious than a Monster; no Sence of mine will endure to hold Communication with thee.

*Ifab.* Hey, hey! all this for an innocent Frolick.

*Sir Tho.* For a Frolick, and an innocent Frolick! Oh the incomprehensible Impudence of the Age! Lewdness is a Frolick! and Abomination Innocence!

cence! Oh sweet World, how art thou set with thy Heels upwards since I knew thee! — Virtue and Honesty were Innocence, when I first came into thee; but now Filthiness is Innocence, and Hell and the Devil a Frolick! Oh that the Gout, or a *Greenland* Frost had seiz'd the Fingers of the Destinies, e'er they had spun out my Thread to such a Frolicksome Age.

*Chris.* Good Sir, why do you disorder your self, and afflict me, with these Causeless Transports; I know not the Sense of your Discourse; your Language has to me no meaning; they are Words never enter'd into my Ears before; 'tis all Distraction to me.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, you are for the Substance, and not the Picture in Words and Phrases: — I'll tell you my meaning more plainly. Then know Mrs. Innocence, you are naught, you have been naught with *Ramble*; he own'd it; confes'd it, boasted it to me, to my Face, to my Throat, with his Tongue, with his Sword; he said you had been lewd with him, and that you had been lewd before ever he touch'd you.

*Chris.* Oh — [*She swoons.* *Isab.* She swoons, she swoons, help, help!

*Sir Tho.* Let her die; would she had dy'd in the Cradle, in the Womb, that she might never have brought this shame and Vexation to me.

*Isab.* She has not, she did not, none can say it, none did say it, none dare say it, or if they did, they lye, *Ramble* lyes, and you lye, and you are all Lyars, and shou'd an Angel from Heaven say it, I would say he were a Lyar, and that she has more Innocence than he.

*Sir Tho.* You are her Procurer, and now will be her Maintainer, will you? — out o' doors.

*Isab.* In this Condition! — you are a natural Father.

*Sir Tho.* She's none of my Daughter; her whole Mass o' blood, her whole Body, her whole Soul is chang'd.

*Isab.* She is thy Honour, thy Glory.

*Sir Tho.* Then Infamy follow me henceforward! — Go I say.

*Isab.* She shall not go, I will defend her whilst I have a Nail or a Tooth.

*Sir Tho.* Nay then drag them hence; he that refuses I'll drag to the Devil: — Go, to *Ramble* with [*they thrust them out.* her, — and after six months Iniquity, when his beastly Appetite is gallop'd to his Journeys end, and is tired with whipping and spurring so long in the Dirt, then to the Bawdy-houses and common Shops of Lewdness with her, and so to the Pox and Beggary, and so to Rottenness and the Grave, and so to the Devil: — an admirable Journey, — go. — Now will I with all speed to the Writ-Office, and take a Writ to arrest my Lady *Faddie* in an Action of a thousand Pound, for breach of Articles: *Sir Mannerly* was by Covenant to be in Town, and the Marriage to be compleated, four days ago; he is not come, my Daughter is debauch'd, my Family dishonoured, and all by means of their Breach of Articles: It is not a thousand Pound can make me Reparation, I will not abate one Farthing of what the Law will give me: And I will also have a pluck with that worthy Gentleman, *Mr. Ramble*, I will try if there be no Law against inveigling young Women to Lewdness and Naughtiness. 'Tis more than break of day; I'll go get the Writ and Bayliffs, and see it serv'd my self in Person, before she is up, my Bummers shall have her in Bed.

[*Exit.*

SCENE



## SCENE, Lord Drybone's House.

*Enter the Lord Drybone.*

Lord Dr. Get my Coach ready, quickly.  
How now, what rumbling's that?—*Cifs.*

[*Speaks within.*  
[*a noise within.*

*Enter Cifs.*

*Cifs.* My Lord.

Lord Dr. What's the rumbling within?

*Cifs.* Nothing, my Lord, but my Lady's packing up her things to be gone, as you warn'd her last night.

Lord Dr. I had forgot it; is she so capricious with me? I'll stay her, if it be but to cross her.

(*Goes out and re-enters immediately, pulling in Betty Frisque, followed by a Porter with a Trunk.*)

Sirrah, set down the Trunk.

[*to the Porter.*

*Betty.* Sirrah, carry down the Trunk.

Lord Dr. Sirrah, set it down, or I'll kick you down stairs.

*Betty.* Sirrah, carry it down, or I'll break your neck down stairs.

Lord Dr. Sirrah, stay a while, or I'll run my Sword into you:—since you are so humourfome, Gentlewoman, take your choice, your Trunks shall go and you shall stay, or you shall go and your Trunks shall stay: if I have not paid dear enough for you to have you be mine, I am sure I have bought and paid enough for all that is in the Trunks, to dispose of them.

*Betty.* Well, and I think I have paid dear enough for those things, in enduring all your cross jealous peevish humours.

Lord Dr. What jealous humours? I love you too well, that's my fault.

*Betty.* Yes, indeed, you love me very well, not to let me breathe so much as a mouthful of fresh air once in a month, and at home not to enjoy an hour of quiet.

Lord Dr. Yes, indeed, I shou'd do wisely to let you take the fresh air, as you call it; you never go to a Play, but you fall in Love with some young Fellow; you never go to *Hide Park*, but you are enamour'd with some rich gilt Coach; you never go to the *Exchange*, but you have a violent passion for some rich Point of forty or fifty pounds value; that the Air is a dear Element to me; your fresh Air costs me all my Earth almost.

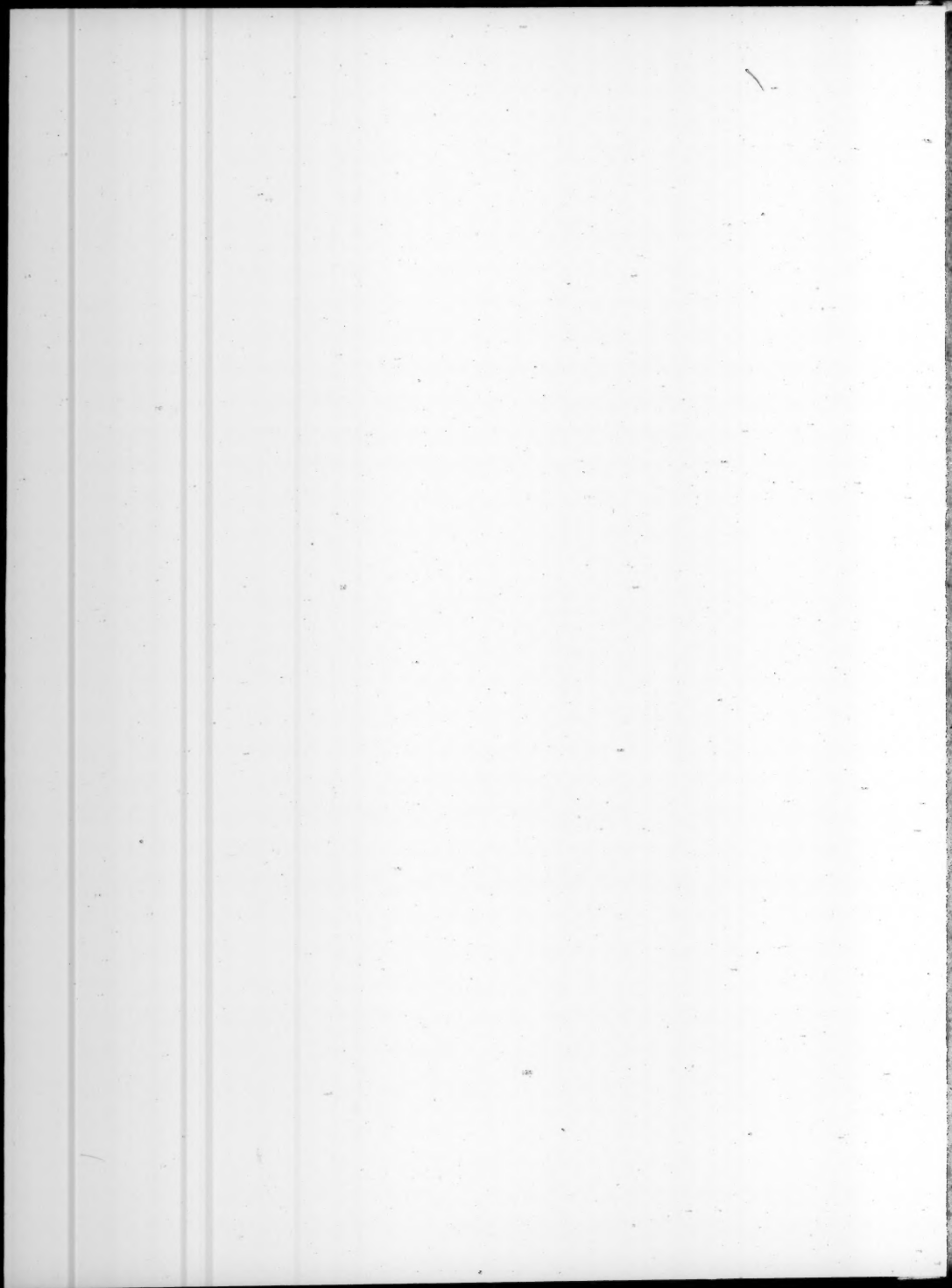
*Betty.* I fall in Love with some young Fellow! I deny your words; I defy you or any one in *England* to prove the least falshood in me to you, since I have known you: and for the gilt Coaches and Points, I have no more than what is convenient and necessary; I am sure other Women cost other Men twice as much as I cost you: here are some that I can name, come to visit me in a morning sometimes with the richest Points, and the gloriousst Petticoats, would dazle ones eyes to see 'em: I am sure the faces of some of 'em had need of 'em; their beauties are like those of a Peacock, all in their shining tails.

Lord Dr. Well, there's none of 'em all should outshine you, if you would be good-humour'd.

*Betty.* I do not know what you call good-humour'd; if I had not the patience of a Saint, I am sure I could not bear with your humours.

Lord





Lord Dr. Well, well, say no more, I hate this wrangling: have you any business at the *Exchange* this morning? I am sending *George* thither.

Betty. No, not I.

Lord Dr. Prithce give over these frumps, and fooleries; now I think on't, that Point you was offer'd for forty pound was a good penniworth, I'll send for it.

Betty. You may and you will, but I'll ha' none on't.

Lord Dr. Shall he call at the Jewellers as he goes by, for the Locket you had a mind to?

Betty. What you will; not for me.

Lord Dr. And well remembered, I will make him bring Mr. *Draw-well* the Limner along with him; I take it ill of him, he has promis'd me to come any time this fortnight, and put me off from time to time, and yesterday he promis'd to be here this morning: I will make him come and draw thee in these frumpish humours, that thou mayst see how ill they become thee.

Betty. He may come if he will, but I won't sit.

Lord Dr. Nor have any occasion for the Point, or the Jewels?

Betty. No.

Lord Dr. Then *George* may spare his labour:— well, good-morrow.

Betty. Good-morrow.

Well, the duce take you, what ails me to be so fond of nine and fifty? what have you done to bewitch me? [*he offers to go, and she stops him.*  
*She claps him*  
*on the cheek.*]

Lord Dr. Ah Cokes!

Betty. You have given me some Love-portion, I'm sure.

Lord Dr. Yes, yes, *Assa fetida*,— and Garlick.

Betty. Confess, confess,—— I could never be thus fond thus——

Lord Dr. Ah——

Betty. Blind! I am perfectly blind! I don't see a wrinkle; you appear a very Boy to me, a very *Cupid*.

Lord Dr. Oh thou notorious wheedling slut, shall I still put up such impudent abuses as these?

Betty. Yes, and be glad of 'em too.

Lord Dr. Well, Age is an abominable thing, it makes one pay dearer for the Lees, the Dregs, the Vinegar of Love, then Youth does for the sweetest, briskest Juice of the Grape: Well hussy, *George* shall go:— I will pay the Tax you lay upon me; but 'tis hard, a man should pay such devilish high Chimney-money, and never have any fire.

Betty. That's none of my fault, I am sure I blow often enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

*Enter Sir Mannerly Shallow and Booby.*

Sir Man. Well, did one ever see the like? what a brave place is this *London*? it is, as the Song says, the finest City-Town that ever I saw in my life.

Boo. Oh 'tis a brave place!—— 'tis not a City, 'tis a great Country, all o' Houses.——

Sir Man. It is, as the Poet says, the habitation of the Gods, *Hominumque Deumque*.

Boo. What is that *numque umque*, an't like your Worship?

Sir Man. *Hominumque Deumque*, *Deumque* for *Deorumque*, that is, of Gods and Men.

*Boo.* I never heard *London* call'd *numque dumque* before; 'tis a brave thing to be a Schollard; how chance your Worship never came to *numque dumque* till now, but live in the Country all this while?

*Sir Man.* Thou talk'st like an *Ignoramus*; but I shall not trouble my self to instruct thee: — Well, if I had known what a Gentle, what a Gallant place *London* was, my honourable Father should not have stay'd me in the Country, though he would have married me to the finest Gentlewoman all round about, given me his Mannor-house, his Park, his Fox-dogs, and the best Hunting-Nags in the Stable: neither Dogs nor Nags, no nor my Lady Mother, should have perswaded me to stay.

*Boob.* Both his and her Worship were to blame, an't like your Worship, for staying your Worship.

*Sir Man.* For that trick, as soon as ever I have married the fine Gentlewoman I come to Town to marry, for she is but a Gentlewoman till I have married her, and then she is a Lady; I say, as soon as ever I have married her, I'll stay here as long as I live, and never go into the Country again.

*Boo.* I thought your Worship said you would go into the Country to sell *Lubbertown Woods*.

*Sir Man.* Yes, I do intend to go into the Country for that; but I'll stay here as long as I live.

*Boob.* What a brave life shall we live here in this brave place, where all the Houses are as big as your Worship's Mannor, and all over nothing but Folks!

*Sir Man.* Ay, and all Gentlefolks! — and the civil'st Gentlefolks that ever I saw in my life: I no sooner came into Town, and ask'd for an Inn, but an ancient grave Gentleman, that I am sure must be an Officer in the Militia, Mayor of some Town, or a Knight, for he had a long great linen Scarf ty'd over cross his shoulders, by that I thought him a Major, or a Colonel in the Militia; but he had over that a great Silver Chain, like our Mayor's Chain, by that he should be the Mayor of some Town.

*Boo.* May be he is Mayor of a part of this City, an't like your Worship, for this is too big to have but one Mayor.

*Sir Man.* Ay, but then he had on his breast a great round Silver thing, as big as the bottom of our great Silver Sugar-dish, with his Coat of Arms upon it, by that he should be some *London Knight*: — but one of these three I am sure he must be; and of his own accord he came to my very horse-side, shew'd me an Inn, and held my Stirrup in spite of my teeth whilst I lighted; I never saw such a Civil person since I was born: — he made me so ashamed, that all I could say, was to intreat him to do me the honour to accept of a poor Supper with me at my Inn: and *Anthony Booby*, do you see to find him.

*Boo.* I poked to his Worship, and he promis'd he would come without fail.

*Sir Man.* See that the Mutton-broath have white-bread Sippets in it, and all things be order'd handsome, as our Cook-Maid us'd.

*Boo.* I shall, an't like your Worship.

*Sir Man.* But this was not all: I had no sooner taken my leave of the ancient Gentleman, and gone to the Street-gate, but a Coach-man of his own accord came and civilly tender'd me a Coach to carry me.

*Boo.* The Horses were something lean, an't like your Worship.

*Sir Man.* I suppose 'tis some complementing Coach kept o' purpose to complement



plement Strangers; and abundance of Strangers coming to Town, the Horses might be worn out with much Complementing: for I perceive it is the custom here to Complement Strangers so; for I had no sooner thank'd the Coach-man, giving him something for his civility, and presented my service to his Master, but at least half a dozen more Complementing Coaches came up to me as hard as they could drive, to proffer their services.

*Boo.* I believe the Gentry has been told how ready your Worship is at any time to lend your best Team to any Neighbour.

*Sir Man.* No, no, I saw 'em do the same to twenty more as well as my self: — well, 'tis the civil'st place that ever I came in days of my birth: for I'll tell thee more, *Booby*, after I had gone a little way in a great broad Street, I turn'd into a Tavern, hard by a place they call a Park; and just as our Park is all Trees, that Park is all Houses, you cannot see so far as you can spit: — and I ask'd if they had any Deer in it; and they told me, Yes, but not half so many as thy us'd to have; they us'd to have the best Deer in all the Town, and scarce a Venison Pasty was formerly made, that had not the Venison out of their Park: But they said the Park was now quite spoil'd, and the best Deer were all gone to the other end of the Town, and those that stay'd were poor Rascal Deer, not worth baking.

*Boo.* I don't wonder they are poor, an't like your Worship, for I did not see a bit of Grass, except some sprinklings among the Stones, and a little mouthful here and there on the tops of houses.

*Sir Man.* I warrant the Deer here a kind of Goats, and climb on houses to brouse; I had a great mind to tast 'em, and spoke for a Pasty; and they told me the strangest thing, they said their Rooms were full of cold Pasties, so big two people might sleep in one; and that if I had a mind to a Doe, they would put me in a Pasty, and put a Doe to me.

*Boo.* Oh strange! and did your Worship go into a Pasty?

*Sir Man.* No, I'll tell you what happen'd: just as I ask'd for the Doe, in comes a couple of young Gentlewomen, the handsomest, finest Gentlewomen that ever I beheld, *Mrs. Anne Lackwit* the great Beauty of *Lubbertown*, is nothing to 'em; and they were all over Lace, and had the finest, reddest Cheeks and Lips, that ever I saw: no ripe Cherry is so red; they were so red, that the blood came off the very out-side of their Lips, and as I kiss'd 'em left a redness on mine.

*Boo.* Is't possible! I warrant your Worship kiss'd 'em too hard, you made their teeth bleed, and that was the business.

*Sir Man.* No, no, it was the very blood of their Lips, that was dry'd on.

*Boo.* Well, I never saw the like!

*Sir Man.* No, nor I neither; for I had no sooner saluted 'em, to shew my breeding, but they of their own accord took me about the neck, and kiss'd me as if they had been my Sisters, or as if they had known me these twenty years, that I fell so in Love with them, that if my conscience if I had not been engag'd already, I had married the handsomest of 'em before I came away.

*Boo.* Is't possible! but did not your Worship ask for the great Pasty?

*Sir Man.* I should ask for Victuals before Gentlewomen, should I? that were fine breeding: No, but they of their own Accord were so civil as to invite me up Stairs to a Pasty: and just as I was going up with them, I

chanc'd to put my Hands in my Pocket, and, as if the Devil had been there, my Money was all flown out out of my Pocket, I know not how, nor whither.

*Boo.* Flown out of your Worship's Pocket!

*Sir Man.* I, flown out o' my Pocket.

*Boo.* What of it self!

*Sir Man.* I, of it self.

*Booby.* And no body to help it!

*Sir Man.* There was no body near to help it. *Boo.* What all!

*Sir Man.* All but one Six-pence, that was in a Corner of my Pocket.

*Boo.* There muſt be Witchcraft in this, and if I was your Worship I would make that Sixpence find out all the reſt.

*Sir Man.* Howlike a Fool thou talk'ſt; how can that Six-pence find it out, when I could not find it my ſelf, tho' I look'd up and down in every Corner o'th Houſe; nay, the Gentlewomen were ſo very civil as to help me, nay would have come out to help me look it in the Streets, if I would have let them.

*Boo.* Well, this was old Goody *Wrinklenoſe* doings, that lives on the ſide of your Worſhip's Woods by *Lubbertown*: if I were your Worſhip I would write down into the Country and have her hang'd.

*Sir Man.* Nay I am ſure it was the Devil, for I remember as the Gentlewomen were kiſſing me. I felt a thing ſcratch in my Pocket juſt like a Rat.

*Boo.* Nay then it was Goody *Wrinklenoſe*, and the Devil has brought her to Town before us; if I were your Worſhip I would make her an Example.

*Sir Man.* Nay I do intend to trounce her, for this is demonſtration.— Well, but now what ſhall I do to find my Aunt, my Lady *Faddle*, for I have loſt my Directions; all I can remember is, that ſhe lives in a place they call the *Pall-Mall*: and the *Pall-Mall* I find, but cannot find my Aunt's Houſe: and ſhe is to help me to find out my Baronet Father-in-law, *Sir Tho. Raſh*, where I ſhall find his Daughter, Mrs. *Chriſtina*, whom I am bound in a Bond of 1000 Pounds, with my Aunt, my Lady *Faddle*, to marry four days ago: and me Lady Aunt writ me Word, that my Baronet Father-in law was very angry for my not coming; and if I did not marry Mrs. *Chriſtina*, and come up to day, he would take the Forfeiture of the Bond.

*Enter to them a Porter.*

*Boo.* See, an't like your Worſhip, here comes the ancient Gentleman that you invited to Supper, that held your Horſe; if he be Mayor of any part of the Town, as he looks to be, it may be he can tell whereabout your Lady Aunt lives.

*Por.* Bud, here are the complementing People let me get away from them.

*Sir Man.* Hold, worthy Sir, noble Sir, I do not know how to return the great Favours and Honours you were pleas'd confer on me, who am but a Peregrine: I commanded my Man *Booby* to entreat you to accept of a ſmall Supper with me, not as a return, for I know you have a better Supper at home, but as it were to ſhew how much I am oblig'd for all your noble Favours: Now, worthy Sir, I make bold to requeſt you to add one Favour more to all your paſt Favours, to acquaint me if you have any Acquaintance with a Lady and Aunt of mine, by name Lady *Faddle*.

*Por.*

*Por.* Well I have ply'd here these forty years, and never met with such an odd sort of a Blade in my Life : — who is it you ask for ?

*Boo.* An Aunt of his Worship's, one Lady Faddle.

*Por.* I do not know her, Master, I cannot direct you.

*Sir Man.* This is strange, that no body can tell where my Lady Aunt should be.

*Boo.* I think in my Conscience, an't like your Worship, I have asked above a hundred Folks for her, and not one knows where she should be ; no nor so much as knows her Worship : nay, I ask'd all about the Neighbourhood. and the very Neighbourhood did not so much as know her Worship.

*Por.* You must not think you are in the Country ; People do not know one another here that live in the same Street, nay in the same House, nay sometimes that lie in the same Bed together.

*Sir Man.* Hey day ! why I know all the Gentry round me in the Country, for above twenty Miles.

*Por.* Ay, but 'tis not so here.

*Boo.* How do they do not to know one another ? do they do it on purpose ?

*Por.* People never mind one another here, unless they have business together ; but let them go as they come, and come as they go.

*Sir Man.* Hey day ! why I know all the Dogs and Horses in the Country that are eminent, whether I have any Business with them or no.

*Por.* Ay, but you may be a Dog, or a Horse, or a Man here, no body will mind you, unless they have some Concern or other with you.

*Sir Man.* Hey day, I never heard the like !

*Boo.* Nor I in my life.

*Sir Man.* Then if I ask a thousand People for my Lady Aunt, there's no body knows her.

*Por.* You may ask ten thousand before you meet with one that knows her.

*Sir Man.* Hey day ! then I shall forfeit my Bond, for I shall not find her to help me to find Mrs. *Christina* before the Sun is set : What shall I do ?

*Boo.* Your Worship can prove you were come to Town, and so if you cannot find 'em, the Fault is none of your Worship's.

*Sir Man.* Ay, but I did not think I could not find 'em, and so there is no such Clause in the Bond ; for I am bound to marry Mrs. *Christina* whether I can find her or no.

*Boo.* Then I'll tell you what your Worship shall do ; send for a Vicar, and say over your Worship's part, and then you can prove you have done all that belongs to your Worship.

*Sir Man.* I swear that's very well thought of ; for now I think on't, I seal'd and deliver'd the Bond in the Country to my Baronet Father-in-Law's use, without his being present, or ever seeing of him in my life : so I will send for a Parson, and marry my self to one of you two, for Mrs. *Christina*'s use, and this will be as good in Law as if she were present.

*Boo.* Right ; for if the Marriage be not good, then how is the Bond, since they are both made after the same manner.

*Sir Man.* Right.

*Por.* Do these Men jest, or are they as errant Fools as they seem ? I believe they

they are Fools; for I never heard such a deal of simple Stuff and Complementing, as I have had with them to day, since I was born.

*Sir Man.* I swear this was the best thing that ever was thought on: now do not I care whether I find my Aunt or no.

*Boo.* This old Geneleman's Worship having been with you ever since your coming to Town, your Worship had best ask his Worship to be a Witness, and see you married to me.

*Sir Man.* I can have no better Witness, for he he can prove all: Noble and obliging Sir. ———

*Por.* Now he falls a complementing again; I wonder he stay'd so long from it: I would the Devil had his Complementments, he has made my Head ake: — Hold, hold, Master, spare me for Heaven's sake; I remember my Lady Faddle, she once sent me of an Errand; your Complementments buzzled, me and put it out of my Head: I know where she lives, I'll lead you to her House.

*Sir Man.* Oh, Sir, what Favours do you confer upon me! — But, Sir, you shall not go a foot; *Booby*, fetch my Horses.

*Por.* Horses! my Feet are my Pad-nags.

*Sir Man.* Oh, Sir, you will swell your high Obligations to such a ———

*Por.* Swell my Thighs with hobbling! no, no, hobbling is my Trade.

*Sir Man.* Well to *Cumberland* commend me for Gentility,  
But to *London* for good Breeding and Civility.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Street.*

*Enter Sir Mannerly, Booby, and Porter.*

*Por.* Look you, Sir? you are now at the Door? [He knocks]  
*Sir Man.* Oh, Sir, why do you condescend to give your self the trouble of knocking.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Por.* Is my Lady Faddle within? *Ser.* Who would speak with her?

*Boob.* Her Nephew's Worship, *Sir Mannerly Shallow*, and I, are come to Town, tell her.

*Sir Man.* Presume to speak before me? where's your Manners? Sir, I am her humble Servant, Nephew, and Baronet, *Sir Mannerly Shallow*.

*Ser.* Oh dear, Sir; are you *Sir Mannerly Shallow*? my Lady expected you this Morning early; she will be mighty glad you are come: she is within, please to walk in, Sir, whilst I run in and acquaint her of your coming?

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Sir Man.* This is good luck! Noble Sir, I beseech you honour me so far, as to walk in with me.

*Por.* Oh, Master, what do you mean? *Sir Man.* I beseech you, Sir.

*Boo.* Come, pray your Worship walk in. *Por.* What do these People mean?

*Sir Man.* Nay but, Sir, I am to be married to Night, and I swear I will not marry, if you will not Grace my Nuptials with your Presence; therefore, Sir, if your Affairs call you away, yet promise me, on your Honour, that the Joys of my Marriage, shall be increas'd with the Happiness of your Company; your Presence will be the principal Dish at my Feast.

*Por.*

*Por.* He means to dish me up: Well, Master, if you want any body to wait, and go of Errands, I'll promise you I'll come.

*Sir Man.* Your most humble Servant, I will not rest, till I requite your Civilities.

*Por.* What odd kind of contriv'd Men are these.

[Exit *Por.*

*Sir Man.* Booby, Do you carry your self well now before my Lady Aunt; and do not disparage me, observe what I do, and then you'll do finely. [Ex.

SCENE, The Lady Faddle's House.

Enter Lady Faddle, Bridget, and Servant.

*La. Fad.* My Nephew come; this is good News, where is he? introduce him speedily.

[Exit. *Ser.*

Enter *Sir Mannerly* and *Booby*.

Sweet Nephew.

[She runs forward to salute him, he still goes backward, and complements.

*Sir Man.* Honourable Aunt! The extream Joys and Felicities of your Society, which a long Parenthesis of time has interrupted, but now Time, as it were penitent

[Still runs back.

*La. Fad.* Why dost not salute me, Nephew?

*Sir Man.* Yes, Madam, as soon as ever I have done my Complements.

*La. Fad.* Oh, thou shouldst salute the first thing thou dost.

*Sir Man.* Yes Madam, but a Salute being a kind of a Present, or rather Tribute to a Lady; and as one would not present an empty Purse for Tribute to a Princess, so neither an empty Mouth to a Lady, but as full of rich and golden Complements as it could hold.

*La. Fad.* This is witty to extremity I swear; salute me, that I may be at leisure to praise thee.

*Sir Man.* Your most humble Servant, Aunt.

[He salutes her.

*Boo.* Your Worship's most humble Servant.

[Offers to salute *La. Fad.*

*Sir Man.* How now, Saucebox, kifs my Aunt?

*Boo.* Did not your Worship bid me observe what you did?

*Sir Man.* Did I bid you kifs Ladies of Quality?

*La. Fad.* What rude Fellow's this?

*Sir Man.* Forgive him Aunt—'tis his want of breeding.

*La. Fad.* Well, Bridget.

*Bridg.* Madam?

*La. Fad.* Bid *John* run with all speed to *Sir Thomas Rash*, and acquaint him my Nephew is come, and run to my Milleners for my Gloves and Effences, and run to the Exchange, and run to my Coach-makers for my new Harness, and run for my new Towre, and run—

*Bridg.* I shall run, Madam, to bid him run, or otherwise the poor Fellow will be made to run all over the Town,

*La. Fad.* Well, Nephew, thou wilt enjoy to night a delicate Lady, I have so exalted thee to her with exuberant Praises, that it will require a great expence of Wit and Breeding to maintain the glorious Character I have given thee: Come, give me an account how thou hast spent thy time? how hast thou improv'd those Documents, and Rudiments of good breeding, which I instill'd into thee?

*Sir Man.* Oh Madam, I have improv'd every Document, not a Slip of



Rudiment your Ladiship Set, but is grown up to a Flower. Indeed, my Father did all he could to spoil me; he would let me read nothing in his lifetime, but Law-Books, *Cook upon Littleton*, and Books of *Reports*, and *Judges Reports*, and I read *Reports* and *Reports* so long, till it was reported I was a Fool.

*Boo.* Ay, but your Worship now reads *Comedy* Books, and *Prodigy* Books.

*Sir Man.* *Tragedy* Books thou meanest, ay, and Songs, and Verses, and Drolleries, *Covent-Garden* Drollery, *Westminster* Drollery, and *Windfor* Drollery.

*La. Fad.* Very well, This is as to the accomplishment of the Mind; but now to the External Ornaments of the Body, as Dancing, Singing.

*Sir Man.* Oh, I have had Dancing Masters, Fencing Masters, and Singing Masters.

*La. Fad.* Ay, those Masters must make thee fit to be a Servant to Ladies.

*Sir Man.* I can Dance Corantoes and Jiggs, and Sarabands.

*Boo.* And Hornpipes.

*La. Fad.* Canst thou Rise well?

*Sir Man.* In a morning, Madam.

*Boo.* His Worship gets up by break of day?

*La. Fad.* No, Rise high in Dancing, if you will rise high in Ladies favours here, you must rise high in Dancing, that is to say, Dance loftily.

*Sir Man.* Oh, I can Dance very loftily.

*Boo.* The Country says, his Worship carries himself too loftily.

*La. Fad.* Make an Essay of a lofty Dance.

[*Sir Mannerly Sings and Jumps.*]

Very Graceful, I swear, and very lofty.

*Boo.* Oh, his Worship will jump like any Jack-Daw, that has but one wing cut.

*Sir Man.* Jack-Daw, sirrah! don't you make such saucy Comparisons.

*La. Fad.* Well Nephew, thou wilt kill a great many Ladies this Winter, those Heels will advance thee, thou wilt jump into Preferment; I see a witty Man is good for any thing; one would wonder thou shouldst jump so high, with such a weighty Brain in thy Head.

*Boo.* As heavy as a Pail of Milk.

*La. Fad.* Thou art ingenious at both ends, both thy Head and thy Heels; it's rare for one to be witty, more than at one end; well Nephew, thou wilt dance away all thy Country Flesh this Winter; thy Heels will be invited to shew their parts to Dance, in every fine Entry; in the Masques and Plays, and—

*Sir Man.* Why do they Dance in Entries here? we Dance in the Country in our Halls and Dining-Rooms, because the Entries are too narrow.

*La. Fad.* Oh fie, thou dost not understand the terms of thy own Art yet; to Dance in an Entry, that is to say, in an Entry, an Entry of any thing.—

*Sir Man.* Of Freestone or Brick?

*Boo.* Your Worship's are all Freestone.

*La. Fad.* No, no, fie, fie, expert in the Science, and ignorant in the Terms, in an Entry of Shepherds, or Gods and Goddesses.

*Sir Man.* I can Dance in any Entry in *England*.

*La. Fad.* Strange, that thou shouldst not apprehend me; but to let that pass—well, but how is thy singing?

*Boo.* Oh, his Worship out-sings all our Parish, at Church, the Clerk is ashamed to set the Psalm before him.

Sir

Sir Man. Sing a Psalm, I have sung my part in *Recitativo* (as they call it) I had a *Recitativo* acted at my own House; and I acted in it, and sung; I was *London*, or *Augusta*, and I had a high-crown'd Hat, to signify *Paul's Steeple*, and I had one acted the River *Thames*, I had a great Nose made on purpose to signify *London Bridge*, and the River *Thames* swom under my Nose, I have my Nose in my Portmantua, if I had it on, you should see *Booby* and I would Act.

La. Fad. Then thou canst act, Nephew.

Boob. And so can I too.

Sir Man. Oh I have all the new Comedy Books, and Tragedy Books, sent me, as fast as ever they are made; oh, I love them that huff the gods, they make no more of a god, than we do of a Constable.

Boob. Your Worship and I acted a Tragedy Book, you know

Sir Man. Yes, and I was an *Hero*, and I remember two of the bravest lines.

*If saucy Jove, my Enemy appears,*

*I'll pull him out o' Heaven by the Ears.*

There's ramping for you.

La. Fad. Saucy *Jove*, that's very great, that took mightily here.

Boob. Oh that Rumm-Dumm, Derry Dumm; oh, but the two Knocking Verses, an't like your Worship.

Sir Man. Oh, ay, you must know, my Part, Aunt, was to beat an Army, and so when I had beaten an Army, and two Armies more that came to their relief, and won four Kingdoms in three hours; I cry'd, Let me see, it's a little out of my Head; I cry'd, I'll, I'll, *Booby*, thou canst think of it.

Boob. O yes, an't like your Worship, I can remember it perfectly, I'll, I'll, mackings, I ha' forgot it, I ha' dropt it upon the Road somewhere.

Sir Man. What a Noddle hast thou, thou actedst with me.

Boob. Ay, but your Worship kill'd me before you spoke the Speech: the Butler, the Ploughman, and I, was the Army.

Sir Man. I did not kill thee in earnest, did I? Let me see, I'll.

Boob. Oh, now I remember, *single*, it begins with *single*—

Sir Man. Oh *single, single*, it begins with *single*.

*My single Sword both men and gods shall maull,*

Oh but the next is the bravest.

*I will kill all the World, nay more than all.*

Boob. There's your Rowzers.

Sir Man. There's your Thumpers.

La. Fad. Oh, they have a brave ingenious way of Writing now.

Sir Man. Oh, but then the fine tender things that would make one cry, you must know, Aunt, my Part, was to be in Love with my Dairy-Maid, and her name was *Celemena*, and mine was *Philaster*, and I cry'd.

*How does my fairest Celemena do?*

And the cry'd,

*Thank you my dear Philaster, how do you?*

La. Fad. Very natural and soft.

Boob. Oh, the Dary-maid is very soft.

Sir Man. Oh, but then the two next are tender,—I cry'd,

*Does my Sweetheart me any kindness bear?*

And the cry'd,

*I love you dearly, now, I vow and swear.*

La. Fad. Very tender.

*Boob.* Oh, *Mary* is a very tender good natur'd Maid.

*Sir Man.* Tender as an over-boil'd Chick.

*La. Fad.* Very wittily comparisn'd, the Sence is ready to drop in pieces 'tis very fit for Womens weak Stomachs.

*Sir Man.* Oh, but when my Maid and I came to die, I don't know why we were to die, but we dy'd mighty mournfully, and then I having learnt to sing, I groan'd so Musically, I dy'd in effaut flat, Oh, cry'd I!

*La. Fad.* Oh, that was sweet.

*Sir Man.* Oh, but then the Similies, I love the Similies dearly, to see two Heroes, or two Armies go to it as formerly, with Sword and Buckler, so now with Sword and Simile, Simile and Sword; Hack-slash, Slash-hack, for you must know, a Simile serves instead of a Buckler, for if a Man be ready to strike another, if 'other up's with a Simile, he can't strike till the Simile's gone.

*La. Fad.* Oh, they have a fine way.

*Sir Man.* Ay, and then they have such plenty of Similies, you shall have a Play stuck as full of Similies, as a Country Garden, of Flowers, you may gather Posies o' Similies.

*La. Fad.* Wittily said again, stuck full o' Similies, and Posies of Similies: I swear, thy Head is as full of Similies, as the Plays are.

*Sir Man.* Oh Sir, a witty man's Head is a Similie-Bed, and breeds Similies as fast as an Oyfterbed breeds Oyfters.

*La. Fad.* Witty again, he has strange parts.

*Sir Man.* And then they have the finest odd, out of the way of Similes, Similies that are most commonly no Similies at all, as now, speaking of a Ladies bright Eyes, says one,

*How do the nimble glories of her Eye,  
Frisk, and curvett, and swiftly gallop by.*

There's a fine comparisn, to compare a Ladies Eye to a Horse.

*La. Fad.* Ay, and Nimble is a fine odd, out of the way, Epithete for Glories, Nimble Glories. Well, dear Chuck, how camest thou by all this admirable, and, as I may say, Nimble Knowledge.

*Sir Man.* You must know, I had a couple of gallant Gentile Blades lay at my House, that were Great Men in London, here they are call'd Critwiques, and they taught me the finest things.

*La. Fad.* Oh, the Critiques are Great Men indeed, they make Poets as afraid of them, as a Lion is of a Cock.

*Sir Man.* Some say, that is not at all.

*La. Fad.* An old Lion it may be, is not, nor an old Poet, of a Critique, but your new Poets are so afraid of them, that if a Critique Crows, they are ready to faint away.

*Sir Man.* Is't possible? could not one buy a Critick's Place?

*Boob.* Pray your Worship do, and let me be your Clerk.

*La. Fad.* Buy, alas thou may't Judge and Critick for thy Half-Crown, as much as thou wilt.

*Sir Man.* That's a pittiful Place, if one can buy it for half a Crown.

*Boob.* Oh, but the Clark may get Money though.

*La. Fad.* 'Tis not Money, but Wit makes a Man a Critick.

*Sir Man.* Then I am a Critick already.

*Boob.* Oh brave then I am a Clerk.

*La. Fad.*

*La. Fad.* Well, dear Flesh and Blood o'mine, let me embrace thee, that I may say I have my Arm full of Wit; thou art a Bridegroom for a Princess; how wilt thou Honour my Education? Well, hast thou brought up any Clothes to be married in?

*Sir Man.* My Portmanteau full.

*La Fad.* Go and adorn thy self with all speed, whilst I prepare for the same Affair, for I am to be married as well as thy self.

*Sir Man.* Is't possible?

*Enter Bridget.*

*Bridg. Andrew,* Madam, has been at Sir *Thomas Rash's*, and can hear no Tidings, neither of Sir *Thomas*, nor Madam *Christina*: Madam *Christina* lay out all night, and is not come home since; Sir *Thomas* is gone somewhere in a great Combustion, and the Servants can give no account of either of 'em.

*La. Fad.* That's strange! Oh, I'll warrant you, they'll be heard on, Nephew, go and dress thy self, mean while I'll step to the *Exchange* for some things I want, and after that, I'll go over and invite *Betty Frisque* to my Wedding, I have much kindness for that poor Creature.

*Sir Man.* So you see, Madam.

I bring to Town a Mind and Wit in fashion,  
And doubt not but to grace your Education.

The S C E N E changes to the Street.

*Enter Ramble.*

*Ramb.* Into what a villanous Trap am I fall'n, dull Rogue that I was, not to know *Isabella's* Voice: where were my Ears, my Sences? they were all in my Pocket, I was tickled with my ravishing Expectations, into a perfect numbness to death; now am I discover'd in all my Rogueries and Intrigues, and Falshoods; and must never hope to enjoy the sweet Pleasure of Lying and Forswearing any more; I must now either repent, and become a down-right plodding Lover to *Christina*, or in plain terms lose her: I must either forsake all the World for, or her for all the World: Well, if I do forsake her, she has this to boast, I do not forsake her for any one Woman, I forsake her for ten thousand. But what do I talk of forsaking her, will not she forsake me after this Discovery? and besides her own Anger, will not Sir *Thomas* compel her? for he is horribly provok'd against me, whatever the matter is. Well, I cannot bear the loss of Mrs. *Christina*, I had rather endure Marriage with her, than enjoy any other Woman at pleasure—I must and will repent and reform; and now should an Angel appear in Female Shape, he should not tempt me to revolt any more.

*Enter Merry.*

Oh, *Merry* I am ruin'd.

*Mer.* Oh, Sir, you are a happy Man, I have not time to ask you the Success of your last Adventure, I am so transported with the pleasure of the Present; cannot you Limn, Sir?

*Ramb.* Limn, what dost thou mean?

*Mer.* Why Limn, Sir, draw Pictures in little.

*Ramb.* I draw Pictures!

*Mer.* Yes, Sir, you can, Sir.

*Ramb.* But I cannot, Sir.

*Mer.* But you can, Sir, you can Limn, and you must Limn, and you shall Limn, Sir. Coming along by *Charing-Cross*, who should it be my fortune to meet with but Mr. *Drawell* the Limner, going in all haste to my Lord *Drybones*, to draw M<sup>s</sup>. *Frisques* Picture—and what comes into my Head, Sir, but to beg of him to write an Apology for not coming, and send you with it to perform the Work in his stead; and to prevail with him I promis'd him the gain of the Picture, without the trouble.

*Ramb.* Thou hast undone me, seduc'd me from the ways of Vertue and Constancy just as I was entering into 'em; I am not able to resist the Temptation of this Plot: but how shall I manage it? for I can no more make the Picture of a Face, than I can make a Face; I have not so much skill as a Man may learn out of the *Compleat Gentleman*, and other elaborate Pieces that teach that Faculty.

*Mer.* No, Sir! Did not I hear you the other day in a Mercer's Shop, promise his Wife her Picture, in the presence of several Ladies, and the good Man scrap'd you many Legs, to express his extraordinary Sense of so great a Favour, and said he would wait upon you, with his Wife, at your Chamber

*Ramb.* Thou say'st right, glowing with extream Appetite to her, my Tongue and Brain over-heated with Motion, in the Stream and Whirlpool of Thought and Babble, I very impudently invited her to sit to me for her Picture, and the foolish Cuckold her Husband did accordingly bring her, and leave her with me; where, when I had squeez'd his Orange, I gave him the Rin'd again; and requited him with the Shadow of it, drawn by one that could perform it.

*Mer.* Can you not draw then, Sir, what shall we do? our Plot is spoil'd.

*Ramb.* Not at all, Sir, I can draw well enough for my purpose, by this Plot, I may Draw her, as I did the Mercers Wife; that is, I may draw her to my Chamber, that's enough.

*Mer.* That's very well thought on, and to continue the Quibble, this Plot will give you a colour to visit her.

*Ramb.* Well quibbled again, where's the Apology, is that as witty?

*Mer.* A good, honest, plain, Country Apology. [Gives him a Letter.]

*Ramb.* Come along, *Merry*, thou must help in this Business: Well I must turn thee away, before thy wicked Counsels have undone me.

*Mer.* Indeed, Sir, it is ill done of me, but it is done out of pure pity, like a good natur'd Nurse, that cannot forbear giving a Favourish Creature, that is ready to die of thirst, what Drink they crave; I cannot for my life hear you groan after a Wench night and day so pitifully, and not help you.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Lord Drybone, and Betty Frisque.*

### The SCENE a Chamber.

*Lord Dry.* Go, go Hussy, you are an unkind naughty Girl, to make me pay thus dear for every Smile and Smirk I get from you; I dare safely say, not a dimple you make when you smile, that does not cost me, one with another, Forty pound a Dimple.

*Betty.* 'Tis your own Fault, my dear Lord, you will be chiding o' one, and quarrelling with one. Lord



Lord Dry. Chiding o' one, and quarrelling with one; ay, and I had better quarrel on, I am a Fool to buy Peace so dear, considering what a poor Trade I have, and how little I get by it.

Betty. People that cannot barter Commodity for Commodity, must send Money in *specie*, you know they do it all the World over.

Lord Dry. But that's a very ruinous Trade, one had better War with such a Country, and forbid all Traffick with it, my dear *Frisky*.

Betty. Ay, if one can live without it, my dear Lord, you.

Lord Dry. Come, no more of this, prepare to sit, Mr. *Drawell's* a coming; I am glad you like your Point and Jewel, it puts you in good humour, and makes you the fitter to sit.

—Enter Cifs.

Cifs. There's one below from Mr. *Drawell*, desires to speak with your Lordship.

Lord Dry. How! has he fail'd me again? what an unworthy Fellow it is, he shall never draw it now, though he will do it for nothing.

Betty. May be he has not fail'd you, my Lord, send for the Man up, and know his Message.

Lord Dry. Let the Man come up:

[Exit Cifs.]

These sort of Fellows, if they grow any thing famous, they grow so saucy with it, that they are not to be endured.

Enter *Ramble disguised*.

Ramb. I come from Mr. *Drawell*, my Lord—he sends this Letter by me to your Lordship.

[Gives him a Letter.]

[Lord Drybone opens the Letter and reads.]

My noble Lord—*Fortune maliciously, just as I was upon the way a coming,—I have, by much importunacy, obtain'd the extraordinary kindness of this Gentleman, to come in my room, one of the first Men in the World,—formerly my Scholar;—have a care (I beseech your Lordship) not to speak to him of any Recompence, for he is a Gentleman of Quality, and draws only for his own Diver-tisement.*

Your Lordship's Humble Servant,

D R A W E L L.

Betty. This Gentleman come to draw my Picture? I know him, I love him for this piece of Ingenuity, I swear.

[Aside.]

Lord Dry. Sir, this is a great Favour, indeed, I will assure you, Sir, I take it for a great Honour; see, Sir, this is the Person whom I recommend to your Skill.

[Ramble salutes her.]

Betty. I receive this Favour with a great deal of Satisfaction, this is an Honour beyond Expectation, I could not hope for such an illustrious Limner.

Ramb. If I had no skill at all, so beautiful a Person would inspire me.

Betty. Oh Sir, I rather need all the Favour your Pencil can afford; your excellent Skill must hide the Faults and Defects of Nature.

Ramb. Nature, Madam, has not committed one, the Pencil must for ever despair of.

Lord Dry. Come, enough of this, if you please, Sir, let alone these Complements, and to your business, this is not at all to the purpose.

Betty.

Betty. If your Pencil, Sir, flatters as much as your Tongue, the Picture you will draw will not at all resemble me.

Ramb. Heaven that made the Original, has taken away all means of Flattery.

Betty. Heaven that made! —

Lord Dry. I say I will have no more Complements, come, Sir, if you please, begin your Work.

Ramb. I am ready.

[Pulls out his Pencils, Colours, and Palette.

Betty. Where shall I place my self, Sir?

Ramb. Here, Madam, this place receives the Light best of any we shall find.

Betty. Do I sit right?

[She sits.

Ramb. Indifferent Madam, a little more upright if you please, a little more this way, your Body turn'd thus; lift up your Head, that the Beauty of your Neck may appear — your Breast bare, thus — [Goes and feels very well, a little more — more yet —

her Breasts.

Lord Dry. What a Pudder is here? I do not like all this, cannot you sit as you should.

Betty. This is all new to me, I never sat before, 'tis the Gentleman's business to place me, let him set me how he will.

Ramb. You sit admirable well, Madam, keep your self thus.

Lord Dry. So, Sir, pray to your Seat.

Ramb. A little more towards me, Madam, your Eyes always on me, I beseech you, Madam, your Looks fix'd to me.

Betty. Now, Sir, pray do not flatter me, I am none of those Women, who, if Pictures be but handsome, they care not whether they be like or no; one fine handsome Picture might serve 'em all; for all demand the same things, fine Features, and delicate Complexion: for my part I desire no Charity at all, let my Picture be but like and I desire no more.

Ramb. You are so rich in Beauty, that the Pencil can add nothing to you, it may possibly detract, it cannot flatter: Ah, what Sweetness is there! what Charms! I undertake a bold Work to represent those Perfections.

[Talks and paints.

I remember a Story of *Apelles*: *Apelles* once draw the Picture of a Mistress of *Alexander* the Great; and as he was painting her, fell so passionately in Love with her, that he was ready to die. *Alexander*, out of pure Generosity, bestowed her upon him: I could do as *Apelles* did; but ay, my Lord, I am afraid your Lordship will not prove an *Alexander* the Great.

Lord Dry. Come, Sir, I pray proceed in your Painting, we have neither of us any business with *Alexander* the Great that I know of.

Ramb. If *Alexander* the Great were by, he should not hinder me from saying, I never saw any thing so charming, so —

Lord Dry. Sir, in plain Terms, you talk too much in my Opinion, and do not at all mind your Pencil.

Ramb. My Lord, on the contrary, I discourse out of regard to my Pencil: to quicken the Spirits, and put a Briskness and Gaiety in the Face.

*Enter Merry, running drest like an Attorney, with a Green Bag under his Arm.*

**L. Dry.** How now, what would this Fellow have? who let him in without my acquaintance?

**Merry.** I beg your Lordships pardon for my rude pressing in, I am unknown to your Lordship, but I have business of extraordinary concern to your Lordship, which I must acquaint you of with all speed.

**L. Dry.** Business of extraordinary concern to me, what is it?

**Merry.** I must impart it to your Lordship in private.

**L. Dry.** We are private enough here, I won't go out of the Room, for I don't like this Picture Drawer.

**Merry.** Look you, my Lord; ay, this is it; no, this is not it; ay, this is it, no, no, ay, now I come to it.

*[aside. Draws him aside, and whispers, and produces several long scrolls.]*

*[Ramble starts from his seat, and falls on his knees before Betty, watching L. Drybone still.]*

**L. Dry.** I would thou wert come to it once.

**Ramb.** Oh, charming Creature, if you have any pity in your Soul, save the life of a poor languishing Lover, that has been dying for you these two months; I have expressed my Love to you by Signs, and you have regarded them, and now I have studied this way, to tell you in more intelligible manner; how much I Love, Admire, Adore you, above all the Creatures of the World, above all I can express, and shall, as long as I live; but that life will not exceed this minute, if you put me not instantly out of despair.

**Betty.** I know you, Sir, I have observ'd you, (I confess) and do further acknowledge, your Love is not unpleasing to me, but it is impossible for me to give you any satisfaction.

**Ramb.** If you say the word, it is, and shall be possible, nay, it shall be impossible to hinder it.

**Betty.** But, Sir, I am a close Prisoner, and cannot stir out to save my own life, and much less yours.

**Ramb.** Now you speak unkindly, for I have seen you abroad.

**Betty.** It may be so, but like a Prisoner in the King's Bench, never without my Keeper.

**Ramb.** You can shake off your Keeper, if you please.

**Betty.** My Lord and I now are upon pretty good terms; where do you lodge?

**Ramb.** At the Braziers in the Mall.

**Betty.** Be within about Two in the Afternoon.

**Ramb.** Divine Creature.

**Betty.** But hope for nothing but a Visit, for there will be more words to a bargain than these; I will have a farther trial of Love, and I will have a better Love, than perhaps you intend.

**Ramb.** Oh, Heavenly Creature, you shall have as much as you can hold.

**L. Dry.** How now Mr. Painter, what are you doing there?

**Ramb.** Is this a Mole, Madam, or a little speck of Dirt?

**L. Dry.** A Mole, Madam, I'Gad, this same Picture-Drawer.

**Merry.** Now my Lord, if the Conveighances be Drawn thus:

**L. Dry.**

L. Dry. Prethee ha' done with thy Conveighances, for I do not understand one word thou say'st.

Merry. No, my Lord, look you, I'll make it plain.

L. Dry. Well, if thou mak'st it never so plain, what is all this to me?

Merry. Not to you, my Lord, why are not you my Lord *Buck*?

L. Dry. No, nor my Lord *Doe* neither.

Merry. What a Rascal wisthe Porter, to tell me this was the Lord *Bucks*.

L. Dry. What a Rascal was you, sirrah, to come to trouble me?

Betty. Begone, my Lord's jealous, and grows into  
Choller; it he grows out of humour, our Plot's spoil'd. [Exit Merry.  
[To Ramble.

Ramb. Well Madam, enough for once.

L. Dry. Yes Sir, and too much.

Ramb. To morrow I will wait on you again.

L. Dry. I shall desire your pardon, you have done enough, too much at this time, to come here any more.

Betty. How, no more; what, shall he not finish my Picture?

L. Dry. You mean my Picture, 'tis you that sit, but 'tis my Picture that must be Drawn, and in an ugly shape too.

*Enter Lady Faddle.*

La. Fad. How now, what is this noise, fie, my Lord *Drybone*, out upon thee, wilt thou never let this poor Creature have any rest; I swear, I wonder she will live with thee; what's the matter, *Frisky*?

Betty. Here's a noble Gentleman has done me the honour to begin my Picture, and my Lord turns him away uncivilly, and won't let him compleat his Work.

L. Dry. I know what Work you would have him compleat; stay, let me see; I will make an experiment, shew me your Work before you go, let me see how I like it.

Ramb. Alas, my Lord, at present it is but rude, you can see nothing; four days hence, something will appear.

L. Dry. Let me see it as it is, Sir; what a Devil  
of a Face is this? {Ramble gives him  
the Picture.

Ramb. Alas, it is but—but—a Pox on me for not looking on some Book, to get the terms— (*Aside.*) it is but departed Colours.

L. Dry. Departed Colours, what are those? dead Colours, you would say, I believe.

Ramb. Ay, dead Colours, the other is a term Gentlemen use.

L. Dry. Ay, such a Gentleman as you are; but Sir, can this ever be a Face?

Ramb. A most beautiful one, when my Pencil has lickt it.

L. Dry. Lickt it, ay indeed, it is more like a Bears Cubb, than a Face.

Ramb. It is a way of Drawing I have.

L. Dry. Is it, Sir, pray if you please, let that door be your way at present, and pray let my House be never in your way of Drawing any more;— come in Betty, I'll talk with *Draw-will* for this trick. [Exit L. Dry. and Betty.

La. Fad. This Gentleman a Picture-Drawer? I swear he is the handiomest Picture-Drawer that ever I saw. Hold, Sir, pray, a word with you.

Ramb. Madam, I am commanded hence.

La. Fad. Sir, I have Empire enough here to Reprieve you, at least for a moment,

moment, and you shall stay ; Sir, I understand, you Draw Pictures, and so handsome a Picture-Drawer must needs draw very handsome Pictures, what ever my Lord *Drybone* says.

*Ramb.* When I Draw yours, Madam, I cannot do otherwise.

*La. Fad.* I swear, an incomparable well-bred Man; Noble Sir, you have Drawn your own Portraiture, in most Gentile Colours, that I am extremely ambitious to have mine Drawn by so delicate a hand.

*Ramb.* Madam, my Hand is unworthy of that Honour, your Picture deserves rather to be Drawn in a Coach and Six Horses, in Triumph round the Town.

*La. Fad.* I Swear that is very witty, and surprizing— Sir, you now more and more inflame me with an Ardent desire to taste of your skill ; I will not rest till I obtain the Felicity.

*Ramb.* My Pencil will be proud of the Glory— how shall I be rid of this impertinent Woman ? [*Aside.*

*Enter Ciss, whispers Ramble.*

*Ciss.* Sir, my Lady is extremely troubled, and ashamed, my Lord has Treated you thus uncivilly ; by good luck, my Lord is just now call'd out about an extraordinary affair, and will not be back these three hours : she so extremely desires to have her Picture drawn by you, that if you will step down, she will meet you at the door, and go and sit for an hour in any place, you shall think convenient.

*Ramb.* Most excellent Creature, I adore thee for thy Message, were I on a Precipice, I would leap down to such an invitation ; I will disintangle my self from Madam *Impertinence*, that hooks her self to me, and be at the door in an instant. Madam, an affair of consequence calls me away, [*Exit Ciss.* my Pencils, my Oistershells, my brightest Colours, the exactest motion of my Hand, and the best of my skill, shall always attend your fair *Philogony* ; Your *Ladiships* most humble Servant, and Picture-Drawer. [*Exit Ramb.*

*La. Fad.* The Top, the Cream, the Flower, the Quintessence of Wit and Ingenuity ; his harmonious Tongue has left a tang, a relish of a Passion behind it ; I swear, I feel a little Palpitation, I shall not be at repose till I commence my Intrigue ; and oh my brutish and obtuse memory, I have forgot to ask him, what happy place he honours with his abode ; but now I think on't, *Frisky* can lend me the knowledge, I will run with speed, and borrow it of her. [*Exit La. Fad.*

*Enter Ramble, and Betty Frisque, Vizarded.*

*The Scene, the Street, before Ramble's Lodging.*

*Ramb.* Heaven be prais'd, we are safe at the place of Battle ; this is my Lodging, in, in my Dear—my Sweet—

*Betty.* Hold Sir, I have honourably walk'd with you into the Field, but now I'll Article with you.

*Ramb.* I abhor the word, it has been lately mischievous to me, and I will not hear it.

*Enter a Woman Vizarded, as out of Ramble's Lodgings.*

*Woman.* Oh, Mr. *Ramble*, are you come ; I have been waiting for my Picture this hour.



*Ramb.* Oh curse on my memory, I forgot this Affignation; I have such bundles of Billets, *Doux*, that I must keep a Clerk to enter them in a Journal, dear Madam, I beg your pardon, I was pre-ingag'd to a Person of Honour, and I quite forgot, come an hour hence, and I will not fail you. [Exit.

*Enter to them a Second Woman.*

*Sec. Wom.* So Mr. *Ramble*, you serve me finely, I have been staying for my Picture these two hours, and here you promise 'em to Flirts, here is a Flirt newly gone out, has kept me Prisoner in a Closet this hour, I was so afraid to be seen, for fear of my Honour.

*Ramb.* Oh, dear Madam.

*2. Wom.* No, Sir, I scorn to sit, if you draw the Pictures of every Flirt.

*Betty.* So, Sir, but oh, I am ruin'd, my Lady *Faddle's* coming, whither shall I run, she will know me by my Clothes.

*Ramb.* In—in—dear Madam, this Disease is fastned on me; how shall I be cur'd of her? what an unlucky Rogue am I in my Amours?

[*Betty and Ramble strive to run in, Betty gets in, but La. Faddle catches Ramble.*

*La. Fad.* Have I found you Sir? this is fortunate, I will not part with you, till I obtain the Glory to be deciphered by your ingenious Hand.

*Ramb.* Oh, Madam, What *Appelles* is fit for so great a Work? you are so admirably painted.

*La. Fad.* Not at all, Sir, you are misinformed, I only use a little Red: Foh, Painted! I swear I hate a painted Woman in my Heart, I suspect their Vertue; besides, 'tis nasty: Painted! Foh.

*Ramb.* I mean by Nature's Hand.

*La. Fad.* I beg your Pardon, I misunderstood you.

*Ramb.* That Art were faucy to contend.

*La. Fad.* Oh, Sir, you put me in a longing Expectation; I beseech you let us to some convenient place, where you may begin your Work; put me in any Posture you please, sweet Sir, and let me taste plentifully of your Skill.

*Ramb.* Madam, I want some Poet to assist my Fancy, you shall be drawn in a Triumphant Posture, with all the Gods and Goddesses attending, *Venus* crying for not being so handsome, *Juno* scolding for jealousy of you; blind *Cupid* borrowing Glass-Eyes to stare on you; *Jupiter* transforming himself into a Lap-Dog, to kiss you; *Mars* lying naked under your Feet, in the shape of a Back-sword.

*La. Fad.* Oh, admirable, when shall this most rare Piece be begun?

*Ramb.* That, Madam, I do not know.

*La. Fad.* Not know, Sir! Why, Sir, is it not your noble Hand that performs it?

*Ramb.* My Hand will not have the Glory.

*La. Fad.* Whose then, Sir?

*Ramb.* I do not know, Madam,

*La. Fad.* Fie, fie, Sir this is Superlative Modesty; Come, come, Sir.

[*She pulls him.*

*Enter Merry.*

*Merry.* Master, Sir—how! my Wife that must be, here?

*La. Fad.*

*La. Fad.* Oh, dear, my Servant here, I shall be dishonoured, this is unfortunate.

*Merry.* Does my Master deal with stale Flesh too? and is he making me a Cuckold before I am married? I do not much care, he cannot cuckold me of her Money; how shall I do to out face him now?—how now, *Jack Ramble*, engross all the Ladies. [*Winks, and nods on Ramble.*]

*La. Fad.* What shall I reply? what shall I invent? this is Infernal. [*Aside.*]

*Ramb.* How now, Sirrah, how came you and I so familiar? what is this thy Rogues Plot? [*Merry winks, and nods on Ramble.*]

*Merry.* So, Madam, this is fine.

*La. Fad.* I swear, Sir,—I swear,—I don't know what to swear, I am in such confusion.

*Merry.* Very well, Madam, this is a good beginning.

*Ramb.* This Rogue is intimate with her.—This is some Plot, that I cannot discover. But ha, here is Sir *Thomas* coming this way in haste.

*La. Fad.* Sir *Thomas Rash* catch me here! this is Dishonour upon Dishonour.

*Enter Sir Thomas Rash, and four Bayliffs.*

*Sir Tho.* So, have I found you? that is the Lady, I command you, take her.

*Bay.* Lady *Faddle*, I arrest you in the King's Name, in an Action of a Thousand Pounds, at the Suit of Sir *Thomas Rash*, here present.

*Sir Tho.* Come, put in substantial Bail, or go to Jail.

*Ramb.* An Arrest at my Lodging!

*Merry.* My Wife that must be, arrested!

*La. Fad.* Arrested! [*Ramble and Merry offer to draw, and the Bayliffs step in and disarm them.*]

*Sir Tho.* Hold, Sir, be not too forward, your turn will come soon enough.

*La. Fad.* Is this done, Sir *Thomas*, like a Civil Person, and a Person of Honour?

*Merry.* What is the Business, Madam?

*La. Fad.* I will declare before all these Gentlemen: Know then, that a Nephew of mine, a Baronet in the Country, was bound in a Bond of a thousand Pounds to come up to Town, and marry Mrs. *Christina*, Sir *Thomas's* Daughter, four days ago, and I was bound in the same Bond.

*Ramb.* What's this?

*La. Fad.* And my Nephew failing to come up, Sir *Thomas*, like an uncivil Person, takes the forfeiture of the Bond.

*Ramb.* How, Sir *Thomas*, have you engag'd your Daughter to any one, after you have promis'd her to me.

*Sir Tho.* I promis'd her to you to be your Strumpet, did I?

*Ramb.* My Strumpet! sure, Sir *Thomas*, you are craz'd, I know not what you mean, nor do you know your own meaning.

*Sir Tho.* That shall be try'd.

*Merry.* Is this all the Business.

*Sir Tho.* Come, Bayliffs, with your Prisoner to the Jail.

*Merry.* Hold, hold, Sir, I'll release her: Madam, we will have a Trick for his Trick; say you are my Wife, and plead Covert-Bearn.

*Ramb.* Was this the Rogues Plot? he has gull'd this simple Lady into Matrimony.

*Merry.* Yes, Sir, she is the Wife of me *John Merry*, Esq; of *Merry Hall*, now meddle with her, Sir, if you dare. [*Aside.*]

*Sir Tho.* Say you so, Sir, are you come over me so? very well; then I shall speedily take out a Writ to arrest *John Merry*, Esq; in an Action of a Thousand Pounds, and he shall pay it me every farthing, if all the Estate the said *John Merry* and his Wife, the late Dame *Faddle* have in the World, can pay it.

*La. Fad.* Sir *Thomas*, I would have you to know that, do your worst, my Estate is able to pay twice that Sum, yet I have enough remaining.

*Merry.* I am glad to hear of that, three or four thousand Pounds will be good Sauce to make the old Goose go down. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Christina and Isabella vizarded.*

*Chrif.* Hold! before this noble Company part I have something of great Importance to say to Mr. *Ramble*, in the presence of you all, Sir, do you know me?

*Ramb.* Madam?

[*Discovers her self to be Christina.*]

*Chrif.* Sir, I am your unfortunate Daughter, [*Kneels to Sir Tho.*] who, in Obedience to your Commands, am going to remove so great a misfortune as my self for ever from your Family; but e'r I depart, I beg you, by all your past Fatherly Love, by the secret remains of it still in your Breast; by the remembrance of my dear Mother in Heaven, to give me leave to vindicate my self, and challenge this base villain, in the Presence of Heaven, who knows my Innocence in your own Presence, to whom he has wrong'd me, in the Presence of all these, to affirm, if he dares, if there be any Truth, or Shadow of Truth, in any Word or Title of what he spoke, in prejudice of my Honour.

*Ramb.* Hey, what Mystery! what Riddle! what Dream is this!

*Sir Tho.* Yes, Sir, now affirm to her Face, what you said of her last night; that she had been naught with you before, that she had made an appointment then to be naught with you, and that she had been naught before ever you touch'd her.

*Ramb.* O horrid! what Devil has forg'd such an abominable Falshood of me? may Heaven strike me dead with Thunder? may the Earth sink and swallow me; may all the Curses of injured Innocence pursue me, if ever such an impious thought came into my Soul.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, Impudence! Impudence!

*Ramb.* And to shew my Words and Thoughts are the same, I here declare her as pure and spotless, as a Soul in Heaven. I desire no greater Happiness in the World, than to possess her with all those Misfortunes which I am accus'd to have brought upon her.

*Sir Tho.* Was ever the like Impudence heard? he said all this I charge him with to my Face, and fought with me to maintain his Words.

*La. Fad.* Very well, I shall have nothing to do with you, or your Disputes; know, my Nephew is come to Town; but he shall go back again, and break off the Match; and so take your Course.

*Sir Tho.* Sir *Mannerly* come? hold, Madam, one word more with your Ladyship,

dyship, and I'll end all Controversies: Well, Mr. *Ramble*, you declare in the Presence of my Lady *Faddle*, and us all, that you never meant the Word you said.

*Ramb.* That I never said or thought any thing of this Lady, but what a Votary might say of the Saint he prays to.

*Sir Tho.* That you acknowledge her entirely innocent of—

*Ramb.* That her Innocence is equal with her Beauty; and that her Beauty can be equall'd by nothing, but her own Innocence: and that she can be compar'd with none but her self.

*Sir Tho.* And that you will marry her, when ever I please, and leave her Fortune to my Discretion.

*Ramb.* That I will marry her, without any consideration of a Fortune, rather than any other Woman in the World with a Kingdom.

*Sir Tho.* Very well, then take notice, I will marry her to Sir *Mannerly Shallow*; and so, my Lady *Faddle*, I release your Ladyship; and now our Contest is ended.

*Ramb.* What's this!

*Chrisf.* Hold, Mr. *Ramble*, do not dare to interpose; my Father has declar'd his pleasure, and I declare my ready Obedience; however, I will never have you of all Men.

*Ramb.* Oh my Torment!

*La. Fad.* Well, Sir *Thomas*, you have dealt (let me tell you) ungentilely with me; but however, to put an end to Controversies, I forgive you; and so let the Match proceed.

[Exit Sir Tho. Rath, La. Fad. Chrisf. and Isab.]

*Ramb. Merry*, a word, is this Lady your Wife?

*Merry.* Yes, in earnest, Sir.

*Ramb.* Then, Sirrah, make her break off this Match, or I'll cut your Throat, how dear soever I pay for it.

*Merry.* Well, Sir, a word to the wife is enough, you may be sure I'll do what—lies in my power.—

[Exit Merry.]

Enter Betty Frisque.

*Betty.* So so, Mr. *Ramble*, you are a very fine Man, some Women come to you for their Pictures, and others for promise of Marriage; I have heard all Passages; this is you that lov'd, admir'd, ador'd me above all Creatures in the World; above all you could express; that you could have no Rest day nor night, for thinking and sighing after me: Poor loving Man: I had been sweetly serv'd if I had been such a Fool as to have believ'd you, and fall'n a loving you as hard as ever I could drive: well, I thank you, you have done me a kindness, I shall endure my Confinement a little better after this: nay, I shall thank my old Lord for keeping me out of the Temptations of such false, dissembling insinuating Men.

[Exit.]

*Ramb.* So, so, forsaken and hated by every one, all Afflictions come together; I am justly serv'd for my liquorish, greedy, insatiable, ridiculous Temper; that, like *Adam*, could not be contented in Paradise, but must be tasting all sorts of Fruit, lawful, or unlawful, though I had pleasures now in *Christina's* Love to satisfy a Demy-God, and more than any meer Creature

Creature could merit : Well, Despair shall be damn'd before he shall have the fing'ring of me, yet— Opportunity has not so turn'd his bald Crown on me, but I can have hold enough of his Ears yet ; at least I will have hold of my Rival's Ears, whoe'er he be ; this shall give him to understand [*Shows his Sword.*] what Portion he shall have with his Lady ; nay, what Lady he shall have, for this fair, slender Creature shall enjoy his Body, and speedily. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Street.*

*Sir Mannerly drest in a fine Country-fashion'd Suit.*

*Enter Sir Mannerly Shallow, and Booby.*

*Sir Man.* **H**OW do my Cloaths become me, *Booby.*

*Boob.* Bravely, an't like your Worship.

*Sir Man.* And am I pretty handsome ?

*Boo.* I never see a handsomer Man peep out of a Suit of Clothes.

*Sir Man.* Well, I long for my Bride, oh how gently I could salute her now ? Madam, what a Spring, a Source, a Fountain, a River of Love and Beauty flows from your Eyes ; a *Nilus* of Beauty overflows the *Egypt* of your Face.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir *Thomas Rash*, nor Madam *Cbristina*, are no where to be found, Sir.

*Sir Man.* Hey, not to be found ! well, then there is Knavery in this, they do it on purpose to make me forfeit my Bond. Oh dear, here comes the Person of Quality [*Enter the Porter.*]

I invited to my Wedding, what shall I say to excuse my self to him ?— Noble Sir, I swear I am so out of Aspect—I know not how to demean my self, I was so bold as to crave the Honour of your Company at my Wedding-Supper to night, and I swear, Sir, I cannot find my Bride—

*Por.* Not find your Bride, Sir ! that's strange ; it's a common thing here in *London* for Women to run away from their Husbands after they're married, but I never knew a Woman run from her Husband before she was married till now, well Sir, there's no hurt done.

*Sir Man.* Hold, noble Sir, I have receiv'd so many noble Favours from you to day, that I will not let you stir till I know to whom I am so much oblig'd—that I may know to whom to repay ; I beseech you, Sir, to let me know your Honourable Name, for I am sure you are of Noble Quality.

*Por.* Ay, Sir, I am a Knight,—I was dubbed last Lord-Mayor's Show.—

*Sir Man.* Look you there, *Booby*, did not I say he was a Knight ? I beseech you, Sir, of what Order ? for by your Silver Chain, and noble Silver Plate, you must be of some Order that I have not read of in Heraldry.

*Por.* I am of a very old Order, Sir, of the Order of *Isachar*, I stoop under my Burden, and my Crest is an *As Couchant*.

*Sir Man.* Look you there, *Booby* ; I beseech you, Sir, your Name.

*Por.* My name is *Rash*, Sir, at your Service.

*Sir Man.*



Sir Man. What—not Sir Thomas Rash?

Por. Old Tom Rash,——Sir Thomas, if you will have it so.

Sir Man. Oh strange, Booby!

Boob. Sir Thomas Rash's Worship.

Sir Man. Did one ever see the like? here have I been Angling and Trowling for my Father-in-law, and have had him at my Hook all day.

Boob. This is just as your Worship and I look'd up and down for your Boots one day, and you had 'em on your Legs.

Sir Man. Just so for all the World.

Por. What have I done now, I am afraid I have brought more Complements on my Head—they come—they come full swinge—oh, what will become of me? oh, Sir, have mercy on me.

Sir Man. Noble Father-in-law.

Boob. His Worships Father-in-law's Worship.

{(Sir Man. and Booby.  
run and embrace him.)

Por. What, do they call me Father-in law?

Boob. Your Worship, Sir Thomas, I believe, does not know my Masters Worship; my Masters Worship is Sir Mannerly Shallow, that is come to Town, according to his Bond, to marry your Daughter.

Por. Come to Town to marry my Daughter! I begin to think 'em merry Men again; let me be hang'd if I can guess, whether they be Fools, or no, for my life;——I facks, I rather think they make a Fool of me.

Sir Man. I am the same Mannerly Shallow, on my Honour, Sir.

Por. Sir Mannerly Shallow, ha-ha, what comes in my Head, (Laughs.) I heard my Master, and Name-fake, Sir Thomas Rash, talk of one Sir Mannerly Shallow, that is to Marry my young Lady, and I warrant, this simple Gentleman is he; and he hearing my name to be Thomas Rash, and calling my self in waggery, Sir Thomas,—hetakes me to be my Master: ha—ha—ha—[Laughs. Hark you Master, are not you Sir Mannerly Shallow?

Sir Man. I am, on my Honour, Sir Thomas.

Por. Ha-ha-ha.——

Sir Man. Ay, the same; ha-ha-ha.

Boob. It is his Worship.——

[Laughs.  
[Laughs.  
[Laughs.

{They all three laugh, and the Porter  
laughs the more, to see them laugh.

Por. I have laugh'd my Heart fore; what a knavish prank could I play now, to pass for Sir Thomas Rash, and pop my Daughter on this silly Knight: well, Sir, I will not cheat you, I am honest Tom Rash, a poor Porter, and Servant to that very Sir Thomas Rash you want, and come along, I'll lead you to him.

Sir Man. Come, Father-in-law, this is not gentle, now you have owned your self, to deny your self again; you do it, now you see who I am, to make me forfeit my Bond—but what have I discovered? Let me compare the very same Coat of Arms: I swear this was { Pulls out a Letter, and  
well thought on, I'll take my Oath; now if you de { compares the Seal with  
ny your self, I'll go to Law with you, for I know you { the Arms of the Por-  
by your Arms. ters Badge.

Por. This is better and better, ha-ha-ha,——

Sir Man. My Father-in-law I see is a merry Man——

[Laughs.  
[Laughs.  
Boob.

*Boob.* Sir *Thomas*, his *Worship* did but jest. (ha-ha—

[Laughs.

*Por.* Well, I'll own my self to be Sir *Thomas Rash*, carry him to my Cellar, and there let my Wife look to him, whilst I call my Master—Come, Son-in-law, I am your Father-in-law, and I am heartily glad to see you; I'll conduct you to my Off-spring, and your Bed-Mate that must be—what sport is here?

*Sir Man.* Did not I say 'twas he?

[Exit Porter.

*Boob.* What luck was this to find him, just as your Bond was forfeited.

*Sir Man.* Ay, and by the Coat of Arms,—you must know, I am very well skill'd in Coats of Arms—I can tell all our own Coats, and all the Quarterings, ever since King *Cadwallader*. Oh, but *Booby*, was it not pretty, that I should invite my Father-in-law to his own Daughters Wedding.

*Boob.* I warrant, that made his *Worship* laugh to heartily.

*Sir Man.* Well thought on, I swear, now run to my Cloak-bag and fetch my bag of Money to pay for my Wedding-Dinner.

[Exit.

*Boob.* I shall, an't like your *Worship*.—

[Exit.

Enter *Ramble* and *Merry*.

*Merry.* Sir, am not I a loving Servant, that forsake the Wife of my Bosom; now Love has Cook'd and Dish'd her up, and leave her piping hot, to run after your Appetite.

*Ramb.* Thou art an honest Fellow, *Merry*; but all things consider'd, the kindness is as great to thy self, as me, however, I accept it—but hast thou hunted out my Rival?

*Merry.* I saw him hereabout, not a quarter of an hour ago.

*Ramb.* What a kind of Fellow is he?

*Merry.* Oh, 'tis such a *Cumberland* Piece, he is much farther from understanding, than his Country is from *London*; and has such a living Log follows him, as you never saw:—many a wiser Block has suffer'd Martyrdom for *Christmas*, in his Masters Hall Chimney.

*Ramb.* Prethee let's inquire hereabout for them, by thy description they are so remarkable, every body that has seen 'em, will inform us of them. [Exeunt.

### The SCENE, An Apple-Shop.

Enter *Rash* and his Wife.

*Wife.* How, are you mad, *Thomas*, lose such a Fortune for my Daughter?

*Rash.* What, shall I play the Knave o' that fashion?

*Wife.* Is it Knavery to own your Christendom? is not your name *Rash*? and were not you Christened *Thomas*?

*Rash.* But I was not Christned Sir *Thomas*, was I?

*Wife.* Well, if the Knight will Christen you Sir *Thomas*, what's that to any one?

*Rash.* What, I shall ha' my Master Sir *Thomas*, ha' me up, *coram nobis*, for Forgery.

*Wife.* Well, let him *coram nobis* you as much as he dares; there's no Law against owning ones own name; let him take his Silver Badge again, and he will, we can live without his Chain, we shall be as good as he now.

*Rash.* I tell you, I won't do it.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Won't you? then let my Goods rot and they will, I'll ne'r sell penny-worth of Apples or Gingerbread more whilst I live.

*Rash.* These Women will rule the Roast—well, I'll be *Sir Thomas* then, but if I look through a *Scotch* Caisement for this, that is to say, a Pillory, I'll lodge a Cudgel in your middle Story backward.

*Wife.* Let them do what they dare, they shall find a Mess of hot Codlings o' me, I warrant them; give me my clean Kercher, and my Hat, and run quickly, and fetch *Winny* from School.

*Rash.* There, there, Don't 'em quickly, our Son-in-law comes.

*Enter Sir Mannerly and Booby, with a bag of Money under his Arm, a Beggar-woman with a Child begging of Sir Mannerly.*

*Sir Man.* Well, I never saw such a fine Street in my life.

*Beg. Wo.* Pray your Worship, give a poor Woman something.

*Sir Man.* Begone, Beggar-woman.

*Rash.* Son-in-law, you are heartily welcome; see, this is your Mother-in-law.

*Wife.* For want of a better, Sir.

*Sir Man.* Madam, your most humble Servant.

*Rash.* Well, Son, I'll run and fetch your Bride, she is but two doors off at a Boarding-School, where I keep her for good Breeding; you wonder to see so many Apples here; my Wife and I, you must know, are great lovers of Apples, and we are laying in our Winter Store into our Cellar; that's my Cellar, but that great House is my Habitation.

*Sir Man.* Oh Stately, that's like the Palace of *Sol-sublimibus, Alta Columnis*:—And Gold on the top too, *Clara micante Auro*.

*Rash.* I, to show I love Apples, I have a Golden Apple, a Golden Pippin on the top; well, I'll leave you with my Wife, I'll be back presently:—

[*Exit Rash.*]

*Sir Man.* Is your Ladyship so great a lover of Apples? I shall agree with you then mightily in Diet, for I love Apples as well as ever *Adam* did, and here are as many fine Apples as ever I saw in all my life.

*Boob.* Curious Apples indeed.

*Wife.* Pray Son-in law, be pleas'd to eat one, there's a Pippin, as good a one as ever Tooth was put in—and as sound as my self.

*Boob.* A pure Pippin.

*Sir Man.* Your Ladyships most humble Servant; my Lady's a plain Woman, *Booby*.

*Boob.* She seems a very hearty Woman, an't like your Worship.

*Enter Rash and Winnifride.*

*Rash.* See, Son, here's your young Yoke-fellow, that must into the Noose with you.

*Sir Man.* A most transcendent Beauty!

*Rash.* A plain Girl.

*Sir Man.* Not at all, she's the Epitome of Perfection; I am enamour'd above the capacity of expression; I deserve to forfeit a thousand Bonds of a thousand pound, for staying the thousandth part of a minute from her Embraces; I will pay the forfeiture of my Bond in Love and Kisses;—I will number up.

*Beg Wo.* Pray, good your Worship.

*Sir Man.* What a troublesome Woman art thou? dost not see I am busy  
a Complimenting?— I say, I will number up by Art *Arithmetical*.

*Beg Wo.* Pray your Worship.

*Sir Man.* Did one ever see the like?

*Boob.* Woman, do not trouble his Worship.

*Wife.* Begone, or I'll send for the Beadle.

*Sir Man.* I say, I will number up—I will number up—this scurvy Beggar-  
Woman has broke off my Speech, that I vow and swear, I do not know what  
I was going to say—I had better ha' given her a Shilling, than have lost such  
a Speech.

*Boob.* I could find in my heart, Beggar-Woman, to kick you, for spoiling  
his Worships Speech—no matter—your Worship—has twenty more as good.

*Rash.* No matter for Compliments, come Son-in-law, to Church, if you  
please, and there let the Parson compliment you both into Man and Wife,  
and that's the Compliment of Compliments.

*Sir Man.* With all my heart, and may a thousand *Cupids* hover over every  
Pue, to fill your heart as full of Love, as mine is of Love and Admiration.

*Boob.* Did you ever hear such pure Compliments?

*Rash.* Never in all my days.

*Merry.* That's he.

*Ramb.* Is that he, 'tis so ridiculous a Fellow, I cannot be angry with him.

*Merry.* Go, Sir, Manage him—whilst I handle Log, the Second King  
of Frogs, that follows him.

{ As they are going off, enter  
Ramble and Merry.

{ Ramble takes Sir Mannerly,  
and Merry, Booby aside.

*Ramb.* Sir, one word with you in private.——

[To Sir Man.

*Merry.* Sir, one word with you in private.——

[To Booby.

*Sir Man.* With me, Sir?

*Boob.* With me, Forsooth?

*Ramb.* Ay, Sir, it must be very private.

*Merry.* Ay, Sir.

*Ramb.* Is not your name Sir *Mannerly Shallow*?

*Sir Man.* It is, Sir, what then, Sir?

*Ramb.* Are not you come to Town to marry Sir *Thomas Rash's* Daughter?

*Sir Man.* I am, Sir, what then, Sir?

*Boob.* Four Oxen to run for a Wager, Sir, do you say?

*Merry.* From *Tweed* to *Newcastle*.

*Ramb.* Then you must not have her, Sir.

*Sir Man.* How, not have her, Sir!

*Ramb.* No stirring, Sir, if you do, this runs into your Guts.

*Sir Man.* Into my Guts, Sir?

*Ramb.* Ay, into your Guts, Sir.

*Boob.* My Masters Py'd Ox to be one.

*Merry.* For a wager of Fourscore Load of Hay——

*Sir Man.* Booby.——

*Ramb.* No Booby, Sir——

*Sir Man.* No Booby, Sir?

*Ramb.* No Booby, Sir.——

*Boob.* To be eat all with Mustard.

*Merry*

*Merry.* All with Mustard.

*Boob.* An Ox eat Mustard!

*Merry.* All with Mustard.

*Ramb.* I shall be very brief with you, I shall propound but two things to you, take your choice, either to go out immediately and fight me, and he of us two that comes alive out of the Field, shall have the Lady, or else this minute to take Post for *Cumberland*, and not to come up till I am married to her.

*Sir Man.* To go and fight with you, Sir!

*Ramb.* Ay, Sir, till one of us fall dead, or ride Post for *Cumberland*; take your choice.

*Sir Man.* Ride Post for *Cumberland*, Sir!

*Ramb.* Ay, Sir, chuse instantly, or this goes into your Guts, Sir.

*Sir Man.* My Guts, Sir!

*Ramb.* Ay, Sir.

*Sir Man.* Booby——

*Ramb.* No Booby, Sir; speak quickly what you'll do.

*Boob.* And the Ox that wins to be Knighted.

*Merry.* To be Knighted.

*Boob.* I never heard the like; let me tell his Worship——

*Merry.* Presently, when I ha' done: I have not half done.

*Ramb.* Say what you'll do, and that instantly.

*Sir Man.* Sir, I'll——

*Ramb.* What will you do, Sir?

*Sir Man.* Sir, I'll——

*Ramb.* Dispatch, Sir.

*Sir Man.* Sir, I'll——Sir, I will not, Sir: What ha' you to do to make me fight, or ride Post either, whether I will or no, Sir?

*Ramb.* No questioning my Authority, speak instantly, I say instantly.

*Sir Man.* I never met with such a Fellow in my Life.

*Ramb.* You will not speak, Sir.

*Sir Man.* Sir, I'll——

*Ramb.* What, Sir?——

*Sir Man.* Sir, I'll ride Post, Sir.

*Ramb.* Then come along, Sir;——I'll see you mounted——and attend you, or one shall for me, one forty or fifty miles on the way, no looking o'er your Shoulder, Sir. [*Drags him out, Sir Mannerly looks back and offers to speak, Ramb. stops his mouth.*]

*Wife.* Mr. Booby, Mr. Booby, there's a Gentleman runs away with your Master, call a Constable, *Thomas*, a Constable, come along with me *Winn* to call a Constable.

*Rash.* Is the Woman mad to make a Hubbub?——hold your Tongue.

*Wife.* I will not, he carries away our Son-in-law by force. [*Exit.*]

*Boob.* One steal my Master!

[*Rash follows her.*]

*Merry.* No stirring, Sir.



*Boob.* No stirring—What, you help to steal him, do you? here Beggar-woman, hold my Bag of Money alittle, *{ Gives the Beggar-woman the Bag of Money to hold.* and I'll try a Friskin with him, thou shalt not come at thy Sword. *[Merry and Booby fight off the Stage.*

*[A noise of a Hubbub within, and mean while the Beggar-woman watches her opportunity, lays down the Child, and runs away with the Money.*

*Enter Ramble and Merry.*

*Ramb.* This is good, the Constable and the Rabble have seiz'd our Foes; and we, the Aggressors, have escap'd, whilst the two Clowns stick fast in the Mudd of the dirty Crowd: Let's pursue our Fortunes, overtake Sir Thomas and the Company, be very impudent and obstinate, and see what that will do.

*Merry.* With all my Heart, Sir,—for I do not care for coming within the reach of that heavy-fisted Fool any more. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter Constable, Sir Mannerly, Booby, Rash, Wife, and Winnifred.*

*Sir Man.* You have let go the Thieves that would have stoln me, and here you hold my Man and me.

*Const.* Stoln you, Sir! I found this Man in actual Battery.

*Boob.* He batter'd me as much.

*Rash.* Come, come, Son-in-law, never make a Bustle on your Wedding-day, give the Constable a Spill.

*Sir Man.* There's a Spill, but I take my Oath he would have stoln me.

*Const.* No more Words on't, come—there, go about your business.

*Sir Man.* Come, Madam, as the Poet says—*Per varios casus per tot discrimina rerum.* *[Exeunt Sir Man, Rash, Wife, and Win.*

*Boob.* I think I plough'd his Chaps for him; an' he had cuff'd a little longer, I would ha' pull'd up his Nose by the Roots—but where's the Beggar-woman with my Bag of Money? look if she has not laid it in the Street, like a Baggage, a thousand to one but it might have been stoln—hey, my Bag of Money is alive! a Bastard, a Bastard, *[Takes up the Child,* stop Thief, stop Thief; a Beggar-woman has run away with a Bag of Money, and has left a Bastard in the room: stop Thief, Thief.

*[Lays down the Child, and offers to run away.*

*Watch-m.* Mr. Constable, Mr. Constable, here's a Fellow has lain a Child in the Street.

*Const.* Stop him, stop him, knock him down; how now, sirrah, lay a Bastard in the Street!

*Boob.* Is it my Bastard? is it not the Beggar-woman's Bastard that was a begging here, and has run away with all my Money?

*Const.* She was your Whore, was she, Sirrah? here's a fine Plot of a Rogue, Neighbours, to make a bustle in the Streets, that his Whore might have an opportunity to lay a Bastard to the Parish: Yes, Sirrah, the Parish shall maintain such a lusty Rogue as you in Lechery?—come, Sirrah, to the House of Correction.

*Watch-m.* Ay, Mr. Constable, whip him, whip him; this way the Parish-money goes; I have been feld above fifteen Shillings this Year, for such Rogues unlawful Lecheries. *Boob.*

*Boob.* Whip me! I never saw the Woman before in my life.

*Const.* Then you lay with her in the dark, did you, Sirrah?

*Boob.* I am but newly come to Town.

*Const.* Then you shall be whipt as soon as you come; a Whipping-Post shall be your Welcome.

*Boob.* Whip me if you dare, since you go to that, for I belong to a Critick.

*Const.* A Critick, What's that?

*Boob.* A great Judge, that was he that was here just now.

*Const.* He a Judge! he looks like a Man fit to hold the Scale of Justice indeed; he is more fit to hold a Grocers Scale, and weigh Plumbs and Comfits than Causes.

*Const.* Come, Sirrah, I'll let out your hot Blood, I'll plant a Grove o' Birch in your Arse-o'-peak.

*Boob.* Oh, Mr. Constable, my Master is a Northern Judge indeed, and a Baronet, I can prove it.

*Const.* I care not what he is, Sirrah; will he put in Security to keep the Child, and buy off your Whipping?

*Boob.* Why must he? or must I be whipt?

*Const.* That Time shall try:

*Boob.* Oh, Mr. Constable, come along; my Master's Worship shall be bound, and give you any content.

*Const.* Well, let's see what he will do.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Sir Tho. Rash, Merry, Christina, La. Faddle, Isabella, Bridget, and Ramble.*

*La. Fad.* Where have you been, Mr. Merry?

*Merry.* Only settling some things about my Estate.

*Sir Tho.* Do not follow and tantany us, Mr. Ramble, for I declare positively, thou shalt never have my Daughter.

*Chris.* Mr. Ramble, my Father is engag'd to another; but whether he was or no, the Words you said are never to be forgiven, neither extravagance, Rallery, Drink, nor nothing can excuse 'em; they have fix'd you in my eternal Hatred; and you are the only thing of all Heaven's Creatures I abhor.

*Ramb.* Then I am the only wretched thing of the whole Creation, and the more wretched, since I suffer innocently: For whatever have been my other Sins, from that unpardonable one of Blaspheming your Honour, I am wholly innocent: Consider why I should say it, what should move me to it? what did provoke me? and what should I gain by it when said?

*Chris.* That soppyish Vain-glory which possesses all your Sex, of defaming those Women, whose Honours you cannot otherwise abuse.

*Sir Tho.* Why, Sir, what should move me? what provoke me? and what should I gain by telling a Lye, Sir?

*Isab.* I swear, Madam, I begin to pity him, and think there's some mistake.

*La. Fad.* I dare not interpose, for fear of discovering the Affair about my Picture——

*Merry.* Come, Sweet-heart, you are the chief Person concern'd; you must resign your claim to this Lady—for *Jack Ramble* is my Friend, and though I know nothing of the Business; I know he is innocent, because I know him to be an honest Fellow; but whether innocent or no, I will have Matters made up; for in plain Terms, if my Friend may not Bed the Woman he loves, I will not bed the Woman I love; I will never be happy, while my Friend is miserable.

*La. Fad.* How, Mr. *Merry*!

*Sir Tho.* Let me alone with him, Madam; Sir, what have you to do to intermeddle in my Affairs; bed who you will, Sir, and what you will, Sir; but if you say he did not say these Words I give you the Lye, and there's my Glove.

*Merry.* Take your Glove, Sir, your Hand is old, and will catch cold.

*Ramb.* Some Devil has appear'd to him in my Shape, and said this.

*Enter Betty Frisque, and Cifs.*

*Betty.* Oh dear, have I met with your Ladyship? [*To La. Fad.* this is lucky, if ever you will be kind to me in your Life, Madam, take me into your Company—I have been abroad but two hours, and my Lord has been to seek me in such a Rage, that if you do not excuse me, it will be a parting Quarrel.

*Ramb. Betty Frisque* here! how do my Sins follow me? what shall I do? now I think on't, she dares no more own the knowledge of me, then I dare of her: my standing Vertue, Impudence, must aid me.

*La. Fad.* Why dost thou do this, *Betty*?

*Enter Lord Drybone.*

*Lord Dry.* So, Gentlewoman, are you herded?—ha! what do I see here, her Father? that's he I saw last night, I'm sure on't; I remember his Face again, though I saw him in the dark: Very well, Sir, take your Daughter again, I am very glad 'tis you she runs to, I thought to have found her in worse Company: There, Sir, take her, take her, and make the best of her. [*To Sir Thomas.*

*Sir Tho.* My Daughter, Sir! To whom do you speak, Sir?

*Ramb.* What, more mistakes?

*Lord Dry.* To you, Sir,

*Sir Tho.* To me Sir, I am as good a Man as your self, Sir.

*Lord Dry.* As a good a Man, Sir?

*Merry.* Hold, hold, Gentlemen.

*Lord Dry.* Sir, I am a Person of Honour, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* And I am a Person of Quality, Sir.

*Lord Dry.* Well, Sir, be of what Quality you will, Sir, you came last night to my Door with Fiddles, and challeng'd me for debauching your Daughter, Sir, then you could own her in the dark, for your own Pleasure, Sir, and now I will make you own her for mine: and, as I told you last night, she had been debauch'd before I touch'd her, so I tell you again, if she had not, perhaps I would have consider'd her.

*Ramb.* The Mistake comes out.

*Sir Tho.* Hold, my Lord, was not you in your Night-Gown and Drawers?

*Lord Dry.* Yes, Sir, and you was in a Buff Coat.

*Sir Tho.*

Sir *Tho.* Mr. *Ramble*, where art thou? wilt thou forgive me? canst thou forgive me? honest Mr. *Ramble* forgive me.

*Ramb.* Now, Madam.

Sir *Tho.* My Lord I thank you heartily for this Discovery, you have clear'd up a mistake in which I persisted, to the injury of an honest Gentleman; but now I will do my self and him right: Know then, this Gentleman is a Servant to my Daughter, and this is my Daughter I challeng'd you about; and finding him something Airy and Wild, was desirous to hinder the Match; and he passing by my Door with Fiddles last night, I in a Rage, pursu'd him to your Lordships, and mistaking your Lordship for him, in the dark, I challeng'd you with Intentions of debauching my Daughter, and your Reply intangled us in Difficulties, which now are vanish'd.

Lord *Dry.* Then this is the Lady it seems was Serenaded, [To *Christina*.

*Ramb.* The same, my Lord, the Playing at your Door was but a Blind——

*Betty.* No, no, 'twas to me.

*Chris.* He brings himself off wittily.

Lord *Dry.* But hold, Sir, now I remember, you came to draw her Picture to day.

*Chris.* Has he that Trick too?

*Ramb.* I did so.

*Betty.* Ay, ay, I have an Intrigue with him.

*Ramb.* But it was only for Divertisement, I never saw her before in my Life.

*Betty.* Why do you say so? 'twas an Appointment: Well, my Lord, you and I must part, you see how false I am.

Lord *Dry.* Dear *Betty*, forgive me, I see thou hast more Vertue and Goodness than I have Estate to reward; live with me again, and I will become a new Creature.

*Betty.* That must be by some very strange Miracle indeed, that an old Man should become a new Creature——but however, mend as much as you will, I shall never mend, I shall continue my Intrigues with Picture-Drawers, and Pages, and Hackney-Coachmen——and every Man I can come near.——

Lord *Dry.* Oh, do not treat me thus severely, I have injur'd thy Vertue, but I will make thee recompence for my life, and all the pleasure of it lies in thy Favour.

*Betty.* No, no, this keeping of old Women, by you old Sinners, is but done out of a scurvy Custom, not any need you have; like old Snuff-takers, that cannot live without Snuff, though it never makes them sneeze: do but break your self of the Custom for one Month, and you will find no want. But come, since you are humbled, I make a Proposal; promise before all this noble Company, to make a Settlement of 500 *l.* a year on me for Life, that if we ever quarrel, I may have something to trust to, and I will return to my Dominion again, and govern you as formerly.

Lord *Dry.* I engage it, and you shall have it drawn by what Lawyers you please.

*Betty.*

*Betty.* Then I am yours in the new-fashion'd Matrimony for ever.

*L. Dry.* I am, as formerly, your most obsequious Keeper.

*Sir Tho.* Oh, these are fine doings, but I say nothing.

*Ramb.* Now Madam, it is my turn to quarrel, and be unkind.

*Chr.* Yes indeed, you had need boast of your Innocence; witness the importunate Temptations of a young Lady, which you manfully resisted last night, and could by no means be brought to her embraces, witness this Creature, whose Picture it seems you drew, an Excellence I never knew you had till now.

*Ramb.* Oh, forgive me, I acknowledge my faults with grief and penitence, I am amazed, how it was possible for me to think of any thing but you; but hopes of Love, are like the prospect of a fair Street a great way off, and you cannot blame a poor thirsty Traveller, if he takes a sip here and there by the way—  
[Kneels.]

*Sir Tho.* How, on thy Knees, Mr. Ramble! I swear, we rather ought to kneel to thee. Rise, rise, Man, were I not to forfeit a thousand pound Bond, thou shouldst have my Daughter before any Man.

*Ramb.* Say you so, Sir, Dirt shall never be laid in the Scale with Beauty, I will pay the forfeiture.

*Isab.* This is brave, I swear, now Madam, you are bound in Honour and Gratitude to forgive him.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Ramble, this is so generous a Proposition, that I will pay the forfeiture of the Bond, give thee my Daughter, and a Thousand pound more with her, than ever I design'd for her Portion, with any Man—take her—she's thine.

*Chr.* Well, Sir, I hope you will give over your Picture-Drawing.

*Ramb.* Now I am in Heaven, and all my sins forgiven, upbraid me not with them; I will Draw no Pictures but my own, and those never without your help.

*La. Fad.* How, Sir Thomas, will you use my Nephew thus scurvily?

*Merry.* How, will you oppose my desire? Resist my Virgin authority.

*La. Fad.* Mr. Merry, I will not have my Nephew thus abus'd:

(Enter Sir Mannerly, Winnifride, Porter, and Wife)

See, he has found us.

*Sir Man.* My Lady Aunt, wish me joy.

*La. Fad.* With thee joy, Sweet-heart, for what, for losing thy Bride? here is Sir Thomas Rash, after all our Articles, is going unworthily to bestow his Daughter upon another.

*Sir Man.* How, Aunt, you do not know Sir Thomas Rash when you see him, nor his Daughter neither—sure I have her fast enough, I am married to her already and here she is.

*Chr.* This the Creature that was design'd for me? bless me! what a deliverance have I had?

*Sir Man.* This Sir Mannerly.

*La. Fad.* What dost thou say, art thou Married to that Girl?

*Sir Tho.* Married to my Porters Daughter! this fellow is my Porter, Madam, and his Wife is my Apple-woman.

*Sir Man.* Your Porter, what's that?

*La. Fad.*



*La. Fad.* He goes of Errands for Groats and Testers, and Pence; this is *Sir Thomas Rash*, and this is his Daughter.

*Sir Man.* How! am I couzen'd so? is this *Sir Thomas Rash*? and is this his Daughter?—are you no *Sir Thomas*? and you no my Lady? and do you go of Errands for Groats, and Pence? and do you sell Apples?

*Port.* Faith Son, 'tis a folly to disown it, now all is done; these are our Occupations, I am no Knight, but of your dubbing; you would dub me a Knight whether I would or no—I was not ambitious of the Honour.

*Wife.* Well, though we are poor folks, we are honest and true.

*Sir Man.* Honest and True; firrah come back and Unmarry me again.

[Beats the Porter.]

*Sir Tho.* Hold, hold, *Sir Mannerly*, now 'tis too late; how came this mistake *Tom*?

*Por.* My being your Worships Namesake caus'd it, he would needs bear medown, I was your Honour, and Marry my Daughter in spite of my teeth.

*La. Fad.* Oh, how hast thou dishonour'd our Family!

*Sir Man.* Fear not, Aunt, I'll Feague 'em; Porter, I'll make it a scurvy Errand to you; and Apple woman, your Daughter shall be a costly Pippin to you.

*Wife.* Do your worst.

*Enter Constable and Booby, with a Child in his Arms.*

*Boob.* Here's his Worship; oh, an't like your Worship, if you won't be bound to maintain this Child for me, I shall go to Prison, and be whipt presently.

*Sir Man.* Maintain that Child? what, ha' you got a Bastard since you came to Town already?

*Boob.* 'Tis a Beggar-womans Bastard, I never saw in my days before.

*Sir Man.* Get a Bastard of a Beggar-woman in a days time? do they breed so fast in *London*? that's faster than our tame Coneyes do; no wonder, *London* is so full of People.

*Boob.* An't like your Worship, I never saw or touch'd the Woman, or any Woman, I never lay with any Woman in my life; give me a Book, I'll kiss it upon it.

*Sir Man.* How could you come by this Bastard then?

*Boob.* I did not come by it, it came by me, I gave a Beggar-woman the bag of Money to hold, whilst I cufft with the Thief's Man, that would have stole you, and she lays down the Bastard, and runs away with the bag of Money.

*Sir Man.* How, lost my bag o' Money; then be whipt, I'll keep none o' the Bastard.

*Const.* Then come along, Sir.

*Sir Tho.* Have pity on the poor Fellow.

*Sir Man.* No, since he would not keep my bag o' Money, I won't keep his Bastard.

*Boob.* Oh, an't like your Worship, be but bound for me, I'll keep it my self—I'll serve it out.

*Sir Man.* Well then, Apple-woman, since I am Married, do you keep my Man *Booby's* Bastard for nothing; that shall be for a Portion with your Daughter.

*Wife.*

*Wife.* I don't care if I do, the Child is a fine likely Child.

*Sir Man.* Well, I scorn to be beholden to you, I will pay for the keeping of it ; but *Booby*, I will send you down quickly into the Country, if you get Bastards thus fast.

*Sir Tho.* Mr. Constable, discharge the Man, I'll see that the Gentleman his Master, perform his word.

*Const.* Well then, o' your word, *Sir Thomas*, I release him.

*Sir Man.* So, I have come up to *London* to a very fine purpose; I ha' lost my Mistress, lost my Money, am Married to an Apple-womans Daughter, and must keep a Beggar-womans Bastard; whereas, I thought to have liv'd in *London*, and never seen the Country more: I will now go down into the Country, and spend all my time in railing against *London*: I will never see *London* more, so much as in a Map, I will burn my Map of *London* that hangs in my Parlour—

*Sir Tho.* A very Honest, and as the times are, Pious and Wholsome Resolution, *Sir Mannerly*; better live in the Country, and burn your Map of *London*, than live in *London*, and spoil your Map of Humanity with Drink-ink and Wenching.

*Por.* I, Son-in-law, better go into the Country, and live lovingly with my Daughter, than stay in Town, and turn her away, and keep a Wench in her stead, as Gentry do that Marry, and live here.

*Sir Man.* Why, do they?

*Wife.* Ay, the more shame for 'em.

*Sir Man.* Then I'm resolv'd I'll stay in *London*, and *Booby*, you can find Bastards, do you find a Wench for me.

*Wife.* Keep a Wench under my *Winny's* Nose, I'll tear her Eyes out.

*Sir Tho.* I will dissuade him; well, *Sir Mannerly*, I am very sorry for the misfortune you have met with in coming to Town for my Alliance; I will cancel the Bond to make you some recompence; and since my Daughter is not so happy to enjoy you, let my House have the Honour to entertain you; whither I also invite the rest of this Noble Company: my Lady *Faddle* and her Husband, my Lord *Drybone*, and his Settlement, and *Tom Rash*, and thy Wife, be of our Society now; this Noble Alliance has advanc'd thee; be a Knight to day, and Prince of Porters for ever, and thy Wife Lady of Apple-women: I will have both your Statues made in Ginger-bread, and set up in Costermongers Hall, and Noble Brides and Bridegrooms all walk in,

And Love apace, as fast as you can drive,  
And may the Trade of Love for ever Thrive.

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.

